THE CITY LADY:

OR,

Folly Reclaim'd.

A

COMEDY,

ACTED BY

His Majesty's Servants

AT THE

Theatre in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *DILKE.*

Centuriæ Seniorum agitant Expertia frugis.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Newman* at the *Grashopper* in the *Poultry*, 1697.

BRITISH

To *FISHER WENTWORTH* Esq;

YOU may perhaps, Brother, look upon this Dedication to be but an odd sort of Compliment, since herein I make you a Present of a Play, that miscarri'd on the first Nights Performance; tho' afterwards, without any farther Discouragement, it kept it self alive till the third day was over, and then I must confess the *City Lady* expir'd, tho' not without some Luster, since her Obsequies was Honorably attended by some of the Nobility that are highly Eminent for their Wit and Parts.

I know, Brother, that you, and some other of my Friends in the Country, will be Inquisitive after the Occasion of this my unhappy Fate. I sha'n't herein have recourse to the usual Method of a Condemn'd Poet, by justifying the Merits of the Play, and railing at the Audience, either for their Dull and Insipid Taste, or for their Rash and Prejudic'd Censures. I am willing to own, that I have not hit the Humour of the Town in some of my principal Characters, if at the same time I may be allow'd to say, That the Correcting of Vice, and Reclaiming of Folly, in this head-strong Age, are things not to be hearken'd to by the Generality of our present Auditors: But if their Palats are tickl'd with a gay brisk Levity, or relish't but with a seeming Tartness, they will greedily swallow the,

whole Entertainment, tho' not a Morsel of the Meal can contribute to wholsom Nourishment.

I was never my self reconcil'd to some of my single Scenes, where the Current of the main Design is interrupted, tho' at present I cou'd not tell how to spare them, on the account of some small Diversion I thought they might afford in the Representation, especially the last of them, which indeed seem'd something necessary for the gaining of time, and yet was wholly omitted, contrary to my Intentions.

Nor am I unsensible where I am wanting in an Artful working up of the *Dramma*; yet still I hope upon its perusal, no gross Absurdities will be laid to my Charge. This I am confident on, that the like Unfortunate Accidents which attended this Comedy, wou'd have been sufficient to have Dam'd a much better Play. The tedious waiting to have the Curtain drawn, after the Prologue was spoke, occasion'd by Mr. *Underhill*'s violent Bleeding, put the Audience out of Humour, and made it susceptible of the least Disgust; and when once the Torrent of its Displeasure break bounds, nothing cou'd put a stop to its Vehemence. After Mr. *Underhill* was no longer able to come upon the Stage, scarce any thing was done but by Halves, and in much Confusion; in the midst of which, I think my self

oblig'd to applaud the Juſtice I receiv'd from the Incomparable Mrs. *Barry*.

I very well know that the Ode in the third Act ſeems to be introduc'd ſomething unſeaſonably. It was made and ſet long ſince, in hopes of having it perform'd before the King, at his return from *Flanders*; and the Muſic being ſo finely compos'd by Mr. *John Eccles*, I was loath it ſhou'd be wholly loſt to the Town.

I ſha'n't trouble you Brother, in ſaying much on the behalf of this my poor Endeavours: In ſhort, tho' I have no reaſon to complain of want of time, it was writ in great haſte, and unluckily brought upon the Stage in greater; whenever I appear there again, I do promiſe you it ſhall be with more Precaution. I queſtion not but what Faults you meet withall, will be look't upon rather with a tender Compaſſion, than be put to the Teſt of a ſevere Examen: I muſt acknowledge that you have been an Indulgent Brother to me upon all Occaſions, and I doubt not but that the Errors of my Pen will find Favour at your hands, when thoſe of my Conduct have ſo often been kindly wink't at. Pray let the ſame Indulgence Pardon this tedious Harangue,, from

Your very Humble Servant,

and moſt Affectionate Brother,

Jan. 15. 169$\frac{6}{7}$. THO. DILKE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *HODGSON*.

OVr Poet once found mercy at your Hands
He took your Favours for your freſh Commands.
Don't Dam him now; ſince 'tis enough I fear,
Thus to be Damn'd to writing once a year:
Yet ſtill how e're the Stipend does amount,
The Muſes give no Tallies to diſcount.
But here's the Plague, they being Female kind,
Have all the Paſſions of a Female mind:
Their humours are as various as the Wind,
With fawning ſmiles they'l ſeem to draw you on
Till, when you think their Favours you have won:
The Jilting Jades turn tail, and ſtreight are gone.
Then muſt a Poet fall to Quirks and Puns,
To eaſe the Spleen of all his Gaping Duns.
But if with Candor you'll ſome Faults excuſe,
Your kind Protection ſhall create a Muſe.
He'll then proceed, and boldly Ridicule,
The ſly State-Knave, as well as dreſſing Fool,
Each Vice ſhall ſhare his Laſh of Comic Pet,
From tawdry Crack, to Quality Coquet.
The Pride of Prieſts, the Vanity of Wits,
The Haughty Courtier, and the Cringing Cits,
The Bribes at Ear, the Cant of Velvet Quack,
Each claim the Rigour of a ſtrong Attack.
In theſe Attempts.——————
His future Fate to you he does ſubmit,
Give but Subſcriptions from the well-ſtockt Pit,
He'll keep an Office for a Bank of Wit.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Miſs *Howard*.

WHAT makes our Poet faſten ſtill on me,
To ſpeak the Exit *of his Poetry?*
He tells me, 'tis becauſe he'd finiſh well,
And Charm your Cenſures with a Virgin Spell:
But I have found the bottom of his Art,
While he was buſie at's Inſtructive part,
He try'd the tender Motions of my Heart:
Come Child, ſaid he, Haſt thou the Accent found?
Stand ſtreight, look briſk, and dart thy Eyes around.
But e're I cou'd one Syllable deliver,
He'd whiſper ſtill fine things of Cupid's *Quiver:*
Tell me what Joys, what ſtrange tumultuous Bliſſes,
Do grow in Cluſters on a Virgin's Kiſſes.
He little thought that thus I wou'd betray,
All the Romantic Stuff I've heard him ſay:
But Faith I think 'tis Prudence I muſt own,
To ſhew how much a Woman I am grown.
Court me with promiſe of a Poet's day!
'Tis Coach and Six muſt carry me away.
I've ſtore of Youth, adorn'd with decent Pride,
'Tis time enough to make a City Bride,
When that is Laviſh't, by a Lover's ſide.

Drammatis

Drammatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Geo. Grumble.*	An Old Fore-boading Rich City Merchant.	Mr. *Bright.*
Bevis.	His younger Brother, an old wild Town-Spark.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Bellardin.	Son to Sir *George Grumble*, lately return'd from Travel, pretending himself to be a German Count, in Love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Lovebright.	His Friend intrusted with his Amour during his absence, in Love with *Formosa.*	Mr. *Hodgson.*
Pedantry.	Son to Lady *Grumble* by a former Husband, a young *Oxonian*, design'd to marry *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Harris.*
Burgersditius.	His Tutor, a foolish Pedant.	Mr. *Freeman.*
Brassby.	A young Town-Spark.	Mr. *Scadamore.*
Flash.	A young Officer of the Army.	Mr. *Busby.*
Cash.	Book-keeper to Sir Geo. *Grumble.*	Mr. *Arnold.*
Jasper.	Servant to *Bellardin.*	Mr. *Bowen.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Grumble.*	A City Lady lately remov'd into *Covent-Garden*, in all things affecting Quality.	Mrs. *Berry.*
Lucinda.	Her Neece, design'd for *Pedantry*, but privately in Love with *Bellardin.*	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Formosa.	Her Companion, in Love with *Lovebright.*	Mrs. *Prince.*
Secreta.	An old Intelligencer, a seller of Essences.	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Fidget.	Lady *Grumble*'s Woman.	Mrs. *Lawson.*
Biddy.	*Lucinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Robinson.*

Surgeon, Page, Gardiner, Attendants and Mob.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

ERRORS.

PAge 2. *l.* 35. f. *Sec.* r. *Bev.* p. 7. *l.* 10. f. *Bank*, r. *Bankers.* p. 9. *l.* 18. f. *as sick Bed*, r. *as a sick Bed.* p 11 *l* 18 f *thro' ev'ry varying Organ*, r *thro' ever varying Organs.* p 14 *l* 11 f *soon*, r *sooner.* p 21 *l* 1 f *reveal*, r *recall.* p 26 *l* 10 f *Pedantius*, r *Pedantitius.*

THE CITY LADY: OR, Folly Reclaim'd.

ACT I.

SCENE, Bevis's *Chamber in Sir* George Grumble's *House.*

The Curtain draws, and discovers Bevis *having his Head dress'd by a Surgeon, and a Servant.*

Bevis *(repeating.)*

If he that's in the Battel slain,
Is in the Bed of Honour lain;
Then he that's beaten may be said
To lye in Honour's Truckle-bed.

So, so, very well; ---Confound the Dogs; had I had but two Flasks of Wine less in my Guts, it had cost the Scoundrels two Gallons of their Hearts Blood the more for't, I am confident on't. ---*(Knocking)* Here Sirrah, Sirrah, give me my Perriwig; quick, quick, you Whor's-bird; S'death will you suffer me to shew my Grey Hairs? and discover to the World my gentle Decay of Nature? ---So, so, now you may open the Door.

Enter Secreta.

Sec. Your Servant ſweet Mr. *Bevis*, my noble Winter ſprig of Spruceneſs; you bear the Bell ſtill E'faith,---and far out-ſtrip all our young Town-hacks, as my Casket here of Perfumes and Eſſences out-vies a Kettle full of coddl'd Appl's.

Bev. What the Devil, have you been at *Will*'s this Morning, bart'ring your Ware with the Wits for caſt Similes, and now come to eaſe your ſelf upon me?

Sec. I profeſs I'm in earneſt, Sir, you look as Youthful to day as a new-fledg'd Cherubin.

Bev. What! again? Why Faith honeſt *Secreta*, if I cou'd but continue as able as thou art diligent, I ſhou'd not fail to go thorough-ſtitch with what buſineſs you are daily upon the hunt for.

Sec. Alack, Sir, I ſhall be always willing to be doing good in my Generation.

Bev. The truth on't is, thy Acts of Charity are very Conſpicuous; and it is as natural for one of thy Function to value her ſelf upon her Ability, as 'tis for a new-flush'd Poet to praiſe his own Works.---But prithee, to ſhew thy univerſal Skill, adviſe me a little.--Thou know'ſt my Annuity falls much ſhort of my Expences; How muſt we manage that peeviſh Elder Brother of mine? certainly there's not the fellow of him in Chriſtendom.

Sec. Chriſtendom! why Sir *George Grumble* is not ſo much as a Member of it, but a meer Jew, Mr. *Bevis*, I tell you he is a Jew in Folio.

Bev. He ſtill fore-boads he ſhall be ruin'd, and yet amaſſes Treaſure in abundance; Swears the Nation's undone, and yet upon all occaſions lends Mony to the Government; curſes the Banks, and is a chief Subſcriber to all of them; vows all Trading is loſt, and in the mean while has rich laden Ships arrive daily.

Sec. Why, Mr. *Bevis*, I ſay let Sir *George* alone in his Humours, Sooth up my Lady; --- praiſe her Complexions; --- admire her Wit; but above all extol her moſt Court-like Accompliſhments; get privy to ſome of her Intreagues, and I'll engage the Quids ſhall drop into the very Mouth of you; come I'll be your Aſſiſtant.

Sec. Pox! that Lady Siſter of mine has of late ſet into ſuch a Court-like ſtrain of Gallantry, I don't know how to come at her,

ſhe'll

ſhe'll now let no body ſay a word to her under the Dignity of a Lord.---She who has from her Childhood liv'd in the City, and has been remov'd hither to *Covent-Garden* but a Fortnight, vows already that ſhe admires how a well-bred Woman can take her Breath within *Temple-bar*.

Sec. I tell you 'tis your buſineſs to feed her in her Humours; to day ſhe ſees Company in publick, don't fail your attendance, I ſhall anon be able to give you farther Inſtructions.--- I am going to carry her Ladiſhip ſome choice Eſſences.

Bev. And intelligence of ſome more Eſſential buſineſs, no doubt on't.——It is not for nothing that ſhe muſt come to live in *Covent-Garden*, this truly is a fertile Soil for young luſty Male Plants.

Sec. O Fie! Mr. *Bevis*.

Bev. But prithee what's to be done with her Kinſwoman *Lucinda*? that haughty Dame, that ſeems hitherto to ſlight all Mankind, for I know you are dipt into the Secrets of the Family.

Sec. Why you muſt know my Lady has ſent to *Oxford* for her Son Mr. *Pedanty*, whom ſhe had by her former Husband.——He's expected every minute; and immediately upon his arrival, ſhe's reſolv'd to force a Match.——But Faith I warrant her, ſhe that has look't upon ſo many well-bred Gentlemen with Contempt, if ever a ſnivelling Gown-Guttling go's down with her, I am miſtaken.——I wiſh your Nephew, my brave Maſter *Bellardin*, had ne'er gone a Travelling; I'm ſure ſhe loves him, ſay what ſhe will, tho' ſhe cou'd not at preſent countenance him, in reſpect of her Aunt my Lady *Grumble*.

Bev. Why Faith poor *Bellardin*, I dare ſay, play'd his part to the utmoſt; tho' ſhe very fairly, with her Skittiſhneſs, ſoon winc'd him out of the Kingdom.——I wiſh the young Rogue ſafe return'd with all my heart.

Enter Flaſh, *and* Braſsby.

Flaſh. Ha! old *Bevis* of *Southampton*, grand Maſter of the Bacchanalian Order.——What! giving Audience to the Devil's Intelligencer?

Sec. Good lack! my young Snipper-ſnapper, my new Launch'd Man of War, I can tell you, Mr. *Flaſh*, ſomething in your ear, that perhaps will be as welcome to you, as a Rot of Superior

Officers.——I know a Lady that look'd out of her Window when you march'd by, and ſaid, Oh Heavens! there's a ſweet pretty Fellow, I proteſt a Bed-fellow for an Empreſs.

Flaſh. Ay, did ſhe ſo? whiſper me, whiſper me a little honeſt *Secreta.*

Sec. No, no, I'm the Devil's Intelligencer, am I ſo?

Bra. Pox of this Tittle-tattle, come old heart of Oak, yonder at the next Door there's juſt tap'd ſuch a Cask of old Hock, there's not the fellow of it on this ſide the *Rhine*,——and therefore let's to't, and cut the Flegm with half a ſcore Bumpers before Dinner.

Bev. Honeſt *Braſsby*, top of the Town-Rakes, thou haſt utter'd thy ſelf like an Angel, my dear Boy, we'll do it

Bra. And in the afternoon we'll viſit the young Ladies your Kindred.——Love and Drinking ſucceed each other as naturally as Light and Darkneſs.

Bev. But *Braſsby*, if thou think'ſt of attacking *Lucinda*, I'd adviſe thee not to drink too deep.——If you do, I fear you'll make but a dark blund'ring piece of Work of it; E'gad ſhe'll be very apt to diſcover the blind ſide of you.

Sec. What the Devil do you do, conſtantly Swilling at this rate?——This eternal Sotting, ſpoils all the Divine buſineſs of Intreaguing;——I never can know where to find a young Fellow that has ſubſtantial Pith in his Bones, that is Sober, one time in twenty, when a Fair Lady has occaſion for him.——But Faith I fear I have tarried too long Chatt'ring, I know I ſhall be wanted within at my Lady's *lev'ee*,——ſo fare you well Gentlemen.

[*Exit* Sec.

Flaſh. What ail'ſt thou thou look'ſt ſo conſiderate this morning? has the laſt night's thump with a Conſtable's Staff benumb'd thy Underſtanding?——let never any thoughts enter the bounds of a Free-born Soul, but how to get Mony when wanting, and how to ſpend it when in Poſſeſſion.

Bra. He that thinks otherwiſe, thinks like a Brute, and ought to be dam'd, for miſimploying common ſence

Bev. Ah! my dear Lads, my noble brace of young Heroes, even my Soul ſparkl's with Joy, when in each arm I graſp ſo much blooming Worth.——Come, for a while let's exerciſe our

Talents,

Talents, Rail at all Mankind till our Throats grow hoarſe, then go and drink them clear again.——I love dearly to rail when I want Mony.

Bra. Come along then, the Court ſhall be my Sphere.

Fla. The City mine.

Bev. Then the Country muſt be mine.—— But e're we begin to ſhew our Parts, that we may proceed according to the Method of the Wits; let each Man take a Tooth-pick, and knaw it ſoundly, then look very ſow'r.—If you obſerve any night in the Pit, a well chaw'd Quill, and a dogged look, is a certain ſign of a Critic.

Bra. Then Heaven have Mercy upon the poor Poet, when 'tis a great Tooth-pick night.—But to begin, *I* look upon moſt of the Modern Courtiers, to be a ſort of Amphibious Creatures, half Civil, half Military, equally ſetting up for States men and Soldiers; tho' the chiefeſt of their Policy conſiſts in Corrupting young Wives and Daughters; and the moſt Heroick Atchievements they can boaſt of, is to have made a German General as Drunk a a Wheel-barrow.

Fla. As for the City, 'tis become a Den of Monſters, that by Broking, Banking, Enſuring, Wagering, and Stock-jobbing, agree to tear out the Bowels of the Nation, and then Worry each other for Shares; there's ne'er a Chriſtian inhabits the place that I know of, beſides my honeſt Ticking Vintner of *Cornhill.*

Bev. And for the Country, 'tis a Wilderneſs ſtock'd with tame Brutes, that hollow away their time in Dog-kennels, Stables, and *March-beer* Cellars,——that live Sorididly, die Wretchedly, and entail their dam'd clowniſh Cuſtoms, and more dam'd Debts, on their Heirs Male for ever.

Enter Servant *with a Letter.*

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter ſent you from Mr. Juſtice *Clench.*

Bev. No doubt the Effects of laſt Night's Ramble; here's a full period to our Career of Satyr E'faith. (*Reads.*

Sir, This is to give you Notice, that there's an Information of Riot againſt Mr. Flaſh, *Mr.* Braſsby, *and your ſelf; I wou'd adviſe you to make it up, and prevent farther Trouble; in what I'm capable of ſerving you, you may command* *Yours* Clem. Clench.

Why Faith, Gentlemen, this is Civil, and Mr. Juſtice *Clench* ought to have civil Returns from civil Gentlemen.

Fla.

Fla. Faith ſo he ſhall, ſince common Civility, or common Sence, is as rare in one of thoſe Magiſterial Repreſentatives, as, as,——

Bra. Wit in a Soldier.

Bev. Or Modeſty in a Poet.

Fla. Or Mony in the Pockets of either.

Bev. Come, my Lads, let's go ſee what we can do in't, theſe little rubs ſerve as much to heighten the Pleaſures of a Debauch, as Spots do to embelliſh Beauty.

Bra. And too many of them are as Troubleſome, as an over-patch'd Face is Nauſeous. [*Exeunt.*

Scene opens, and diſcovers Sir George Grumble, *and* Caſh, *as in the Counting-houſe, at a Table with Mony-bags, Accompt-books, and Papers; they come forwards.*

Sir *G.* Oh! give me Patience you Powers above! What did *I* do, Marr'ed again? in my old Age too, how? two Thouſand Pound to make new Equipage to appoar in *Hide-park!*——Oh Mercy! oh Mercy! What the Devil have we to do to appear at this end of the Town? *I* ſhall be undone, undone, utterly ruin'd.——What Diſburſements to over-ballance the Income? oh Lord! oh Lord! *I* ſay *Caſh*, ſhut up the Books, ſecure the Effects, for I'll away to the *Indies.*

Caſh. Lord Sir have Patience, good Sir *George*, beſides the vaſt Funds your Worſhip has in the Exchequer, in the Banks, upon Mortgages, upon Reverſions, this laſt Adventure that's now arriv'd in the River, is of that ineſtimable Value, that it's alone ſufficient to inrich a Kingdom.

Sir *G.* And what if the Rogues the Cuſtom-houſe Officers ſhou'd ſmoak their Pipes aboard? and a ſpark ſhou'd chance to fall into the Powder-room? hea!——where ſhou'd we be then! blown up! blown up in a trice! confounded *I* ſay, ruin'd to all Eternity.

Caſh. Lord Sir, why ſhou'd you diſtruſt Providence at this rate?

Sir *G.* Providence? Oonz Providence! do we live in a Nation that Providence has any thing to do withal, tell me that, tell me that *I* ſay?——What did you do with the Thouſand Guinea's that came from the Mint this morning?

Caſh. My Lady receiv'd them, ſhe ſaid they were to buy Wedding Equipage for her Son Mr. *Pedanty?*

Sir *G.*

Sir *G.* Her Son *Pedanty*, her Son *Pedevill*, oh Lord! what's here to do, *I* ſhall be undone eternally.

Caſh. She ſays ſhe muſt have a Thouſand more againſt night to make a *Baſſet* Bank withal.

Sir *G. Baſſet* Bank!——Oonz whoſe Bank is that? *I* ſay I'll be concern'd in no more Banks,——no not if an Angel from Heaven ſhou'd bring down a Book for Subſcriptions.——*Baſſet* Bank quoth a!

Caſh. Nay, for as much as *I* know of Banking, *I* believe there's ne'er a Book in Heaven that will ever have a Bank Name in't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fidgett.

Fid. Sir *George*, my Lady gives her Service to you, and wou'd be glad to Kiſs your Hand in her Room *de Negligence*.

Sir *G.* Kiſs my Hand,——Kiſs my Back-ſide,——Room *de Negligence*——what Room in the Devil's name's that?—— *I* find if ſhe goes on in this Court-like humour, as ſhe calls it, ſhe muſt be remov'd into the City again,——There's a Room in *Moorfields*, as *I* take it, more fit for her than her Room *de Negligence*.——Come, come, I'll go read her ſuch a Lecture, E'faith.—— *Caſh*, *Caſh*, whatever you do, keep ſtore of Effects by you, *I* ſmell a ſtorm ariſing, and then the beſt feather'd Wings will make the ſureſt flight; *I* ſee things are ſtrangely carri'd, and the Jaws of Deſtruction are already open'd upon us. [*Exit.*

Caſh. Ah ſweet Mrs. *Fidgett*, 'tis for your ſake alone that *I* continue to live with this perverſe Maſter of mine.

Fid. My ſake!——pray Sir ſtand off, don't think, ſince *I* am come to the Court-end of the Town, I'll entertain any Familiarity with a Dribbl'ing, Book-keeping Cit.——Lord! how paultry does a Fellow look without a Sword by his ſide?

Caſh. Good Lord! has the Spirit of Court-pride enter'd thy Carkaſs too?——'tis not long ſince Mr. *Caſh* was eſteem'd a good Holy-day Companion for you,——and a *Sundays* Jaunt to *Hackney* to eat Cheeſe-cakes, was an acceptable piece of Service; and never fail'd to be repaid at night with a Flask or two of ſmuggl'd Champain, and with little pretty Simp'rings all the Week after.

Fid. But I'd have you to know this end of the Town affords me better company;——fine ſmooth-fac'd Gentlemen, with long

Eſſenc'd

Eſſenc'd Wigs on their heads, Jauntee Sword-knots by their ſides, and ſweet-ſcented Handkerchiefs in their Pockets, that Laugh, Talk, and take Snuff ſo prettily, and do every thing with ſuch a Court-like Air of Gallantry.

Caſh. And I'de have you to know, *I* can buy Forty of this end of the Town *Valet de Chambres*, that adorn their out-ſides with their Maſters caſt Clothes, and ſtuff their in-ſides with their more apiſh and frothy Conceits.

Fid. Well, in conſideration of former Acquaintance, *I* may ſometimes admit you into my Room *de Negligence*, before *I* retire to repoſe my ſelf, and ſo adieu. [*Exit.*

Caſh. Bleſs me! what a confounded ſtately Carriage is here learn't already? Pelf has diſtracted my Maſter, and Pride my Lady, and ſince the Woman ſo well copies the Miſtreſs, I'll not be behind-hand with old Sir *George*,——as he cheats all he deals withal, ſo I'll cheat him,——and ſo look to thy ſelf little *Caſh.* [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to a Room in Bellardin's *Lodgings.*

Enter Bellardin *and* Jaſper.

Bell. So far *I* think my Equipage is very Countiſh, but now for counterfeiting my Tongue, and furniſhing my ſelf with ſome ſuitable Diſcourſe,——come *Jaſper*, thou haſt ſerv'd Foreigners, and liv'd long abroad, a little of thy Inſtructions.

Jaſ. Why then Sir, to be a perfect German Count, you muſt talk Arrogantly,——walk Stately,——ſpeak Bluſt'ringly, and——lye Abominably.

Bell. Very Succinct,——Prithee let me ſee thee put this a little in practice, how wou'd'ſt thou entertain a Lady?

Jaſ. Why thus,——Mauddaum you vill mauk for your ſelf de grand honore to know vell de Grote Count Dunder.——Then perhaps ſhe will ſay, *I* have had the good Fortune to be acquainted with his honorable Character.—— Then you, Saucrawment, know vell den dat dis be de Count Dunder in perſone.——Ick hab made a de grote Battail vid de Toork, ick hab cut off de Noſe of de Vizier Paſſaw, Ick hab demuliſh de Muſtache of de Graund Seniore:——And for de honore of de brauve Engliſh Laudy, de Count Dunder vill fight vid ten tunder touſan Deevil.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, very well *Jaſper*; but for the future *I* ſhall call you *Gendermain.*

Jaſ.

Jaſ. Very well Sir, *le Sieur Gendermain*, French *Valet de Chambre* to Count *Dunder*.

Bell. Did you tell my Friend *Lovebright* of my Diſguiſe, does he know where to find me?

Jaſ. Yes Sir, he ſaid he'd be here immediately, ſee where he comes.

Enter Lovebright.

Lov. My Dear *Bellardin*, thou art welcome back to my arms, —— my arms, that have been ſtrangers to a hearty Embrace, ſince laſt *I* graſp't thee to my Boſom.

Bell. Dear *Lovebright*, *I* can ſay the ſame with the like Sincerity, nor has thy Remembrance ever parted a moment from my Breaſt ſince laſt *I* ſaw thee.

Lov. Ah *Bellardin!* *I* did always believe it impoſſible for you to ſtay abroad long,——the Force of Love is unaccountable, and an abſence from the beloved Object, as difficult to bear as an unreſented Injury.

Bell. 'Tis true.

Lov. Reſolutions in that point are as frivolous as Gameſters Oaths; and as ſeldom obſerv'd as Sick-bed Devotion.

Jaſ. Or as the ſolemn Intentions of your Man *Jaſper* here, never more to be Quarrelſome in his Liquor, whilſt his Bones are ſore with the laſt luſty Drubbing bout; or his forſwearing ever meddling with a Wench again, before he has made an end of his laſt Box of Pills Or—— (*ſhewing a Box.*)

Bell. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Interruption.

Jaſ. 'Tis a hard caſe that a Man can't ſhew his Parts, without being reckon'd impertinent; but ſo it is with all thoſe that have more Wit than their Betters.

Bell. Faith my Friend, I'm loath to call this irreſolution in me a piece of Weakneſs, ſince all the World muſt own the Potency of *Lucinda*'s Charms.——And now prithee *Lovebright* let's wave all Preliminaries, and come to the Point.——Your Fidelity in my Affairs I'm well aſſur'd of; what account can you give me of my Miſtreſs?

Lov. On my Soul things continue in the ſame poſture,——your Father Sir *George Grumble* is as peeviſh and covetous as ever, and my Lady as Haughty and Extravagant;——as for your Miſtreſs, ſhe ſtill ſeems averſe to all manner of addreſs; and though the Humours and Meaſures of your Fair *Lucinda*, and my Divine *Formoſa*, are point oppoſite, yet in this they agree, they are equally obſcure in their proceedings; and my ſevereſt Scrutiny has only confirm'd me in this, that they are both abſolute Ænigma's.

Bell. For that reaſon they muſt be attackt at their own Weapons, and as obſcurely dealt withal; the Chaſe muſt be run Counter.

Lov. That's what I have already began to put in execution; for my part, *I* profeſs a Paſſion for all Women *I* come acquainted with; juſt as *Formoſa* gives Encouragement to all that pay her Service,—— and for you, according to your Directions, *I* have confidently reported, that ſince you have left *England*, you ſet up for a Libertine, run at Rovers, and enjoy that part of the Fair Sex that are ſo Generous, as not to put a Man to the trouble of a tedious Courtſhip.——That you have ſhook off that particular Paſſion you profeſs'd for *Lucinda*, Vow you deſpiſe the Shafts of the little Tyrannick God, ridicule all that admit his Power, and are ever Satyrizing your ſelf for your former Folly.

Bell. And does not all this ſeem to give her any Diſturbance?

Lov. Not apparently upon my word,—— *I* have endeavour'd to create an Intimacy with Mrs. *Biddy* her pretty Maid, and ſhall, *I* believe, be able to give you more certain information in a little time.

Jaſ. Sir, to do you Service, Mr. *Jaſper* will alſo endeavour to create an Intimacy, as Mr. *Lovebright* calls it, with pretty Mrs. *Biddy*, for to tell you the Truth, *I* have already entertain'd a Paſſion for that little, dear, ſimp'ring, mumping, flirting, chattering, charming Creature.

Bell. Under this Diſguiſe *I* ſhall have an opportunity to obſerve her motions,——and I believe *I* ſhall unſuſpected diſcern which ways ſhe tends her Reſolutions; at leaſt live in a pleaſing Torment, and balm my Wounds with looks from thoſe lovely killing Eyes.—— *I* can go viſit that Family as by the deſire of *Bellardin*, whom I may ſay I came acquainted withal in *Flanders*.

Lov. Your pretended Quality will command a kind Reception from my Lady *Grumble*, to day is her public day, ſhe ſees company in State.——I need not acquaint you with her Ladiſhips Temper, nor how to carry your ſelf.——One thing I muſt not omit, the young *Oxonian* her Son *Pedanty*, will be this day at home, and ſhe believes ſhe can at length oblige your Miſtreſs the Fair *Lucinda* to marry him.

Bell. I know my Ladies avers'neſs to me, was chiefly upon his account; but whatever her motherly Fondneſs may prompt her, to believe of his Takingneſs, yet for my part I apprehend little danger from that young Monkey.——Come, let's go Dine at the Blue Poſts, and you ſhall there hear me exerciſe my Forreign Cant.

Well may we Mortals change our Shapes for Love,
'Twas that transform'd the mighty thund'ring Jove. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Lucinda, Formoſa, *and* Biddy.

For. DO you believe, *Lucinda*, the report of *Bellardin*, that he has diſavow'd his Paſſion for you ſince he went abroad?

Luc. Why not *Formoſa*; and if travelling has don't already, how ſoon had it vaniſh't after Conſummation?—— Indeed, indeed, we are Fools, to expect Conſtancy in any Mankind; ſince the truth on't is, 'tis out of their power by Nature.——Where there is a conſtant Flux and change of Particles in the compoſure of the Body, how can the Soul be fix't, that operates thro' ev'ry varying Organ?

For. Well, my very learned Philoſophical Lady, granting your Opinion, if Men do change, don't we change with 'em, then pray where's the odds?——for my part, ſay what you will, I love the Converſation of Men, and believe I cou'd entertain a Paſſion very feelingly.

Luc. And no doubt you'd ſoon feel the Effects of your Folly.

For. 'Twere a Folly indeed not to experience it.

Luc. Did not I dread the Fatal Conſequences, the Doubts, the Jealouſies, the private Heart-burnings, the open Jarrs, the ſeparate Living, the final Parting, and then the unavoidable public Scandal that enſues, even to the moſt Vertuous; I cou'd perhaps as ſoon admit of a Paſſion as your ſelf.

For. Phoo, *Lucinda*, are not all theſe Suppoſitions? and who're oblig'd to take their meaſures from Uncertainties, when there is a proſpect of ſome certain Bleſſings?

Luc. I know our Diſputes might be Eternal on this ſubject, and therefore let's ſit down on this Bank, and I'll ſing you a Song. (*ſings.*)

SONG.

Love is an empty airy Name,
A word in courſe and faſhion;
'Tis ſomething worſe creates the Flame,
And Mony moves the Paſſion.

Then Cælia *don't expoſe your Charms,*
And laviſh all your Beauty;
Who'd ever lye within thoſe Arms,
Where all is thought but Duty?

For. To be even with you I'll ſing you another. (*ſings.*)

SONG.

All Beauty were a fooliſh Toy,
And more a Curſe than Bleſſing;
Were we to be debar'd the Joy,
That waits upon Poſſeſſing.

Then Cælia *don't the Miſer play,*
And Starve in height of Plenty;
The Fruit that now looks freſh and gay,
Will fade at One and twenty.

Enter Bevis, Flaſh, *and* Braſsby.

Luc Lord here comes my Uncle *Bevis*, and his two wild Companions!

Bev. What Ladies, have we found you at Squott?——Faith you may ſing till Doomſday if you pleaſe, but you'll make no true Muſic without Man, 'tis he that ſtops;——ſtops *I* ſay.

Luc. And always out of time Uncle *Bevis.*

Bev. I'll warrant you here's a Girl that does not think ſo, my Life on't.

For. Why truly Mr. *Bevis*, to be plain with you, I think there may be very good Harmony in a Chorus of joynt Sexes.

Bev. Ay, ay, no doubt on't; eſpecially when they are Cooing Face to Face, my young Turtle Dove; ha?

Luc. Pray Uncle *Bevis* will you walk in, and hear what Muſic your Brother Sir *George* is making, to the Tune of Matrimony; *I* am ſure 'twas ſo hideous, we were forc'd to quit the Houſe.

Bev. Nay, if that be the buſineſs, I'll be gone inſtantly; what you are afraid an old Relation ſhou'd ſpoil the Sport of young Company, are you?——Come, my noble Son of *Mars*, there——*I* have march'd you on to the Breach, come off as well as you can.——And ſo you Bully-heck, do you ſtorm there if you dare, if ſhe does not give you a Rowland for your Oliver, I'm miſtaken; and ſo God ſpeed the Plow. [*Exit.*

Braſs. *and* Luc. *retire, whilſt* Fl. *and* For. *comes forwards.*

Fla. Mr. *Bevis* is merry Madam, but *I* aſſure your Ladiſhip *I* come to offer at your feet a Sacrifice, tho' mean in it ſelf, yet if ſincerity can make it acceptable, it may perhaps deſerve a Value.

For. Come, don't Whine then; but make Love like a Soldier, and for your Encouragement I'll let you know, *I* am no Enemy to the Profeſſion, whate're *I* am to you.—— *Fla.*

Fla. If an Enemy, as a Soldier, *I* may be allow'd to live upon Spoil;——and ſo, Madam, *I* ſhall proceed to Ravage your Ladiſhips Territories, unleſs you'll compound, and let me take my Quota out in Kiſſes.

For. Indeed Soldier you are very fierce methinks,——Pray forbear a little, I'm not yet reduc'd to Contribution.

Fla. Well then, if *I* muſt not deal with you as an Enemy, pray let me ſerve under your Ladiſhips Banner.

For. You'll grumble damnably to be kept behind-hand in Arrears.

Fla. Not at all Madam, if you'll pay my ſmall Subſiſtance punctually.

For. And pray how much do you reckon that to be?

Fla. Why ſome ſuch little matters as ſo Madam.——When we are at any ſmall diſtance, let us interchange blaſts of Kiſſes——thus;——when nearer, let's dart the Emotions of our Souls, by the amorous Glances of our Eyes, thus.——And when together, let me graſp your charming hand, and preſs it to my heart thus.—— Then hang my drooping Head upon your lovely Boſom, and puff up thoſe pretty heaving Breaſts, with freſh gales of Sighs, till with a trembling Joy I ſeize the Bleſſings that dwell upon thoſe dear, dear melting Lips.

(Formoſa *uſing half conſenting actions during the whole Speech.*)

For. How! will you offer to be Impudent? but indeed you Souldiers get into ſuch a road of Confidence, what with your Camp-Doll-Commons, and our more common Play-houſe Masks, that you ſcarce know what belongs to the deference due to a civil Woman.

Fla. Ah Madam! Civility conſiſts in Kindneſs, and the height of Kindneſs is Enjoyment; therefore Dam all coy Refuſals;—— Hark you Madam, Pray let me whiſper you a little; for you civil Ladies have one Faculty, to hear any thing ſoftly, with a ſteady Countenance; when the leaſt ſyllable of a double meaning, if ſpoke aloud, ſhocks you ſtrangely.

For. No, no Sir, no Whiſpering at all upon my word;——ſince you are of that opinion, I'll promiſe you I'll whiſper none with you.

Braſs. *and* Luc. *comes forwards, while* Fla. *and* For. *retire a little.*

Luc. Lord! You tread ſuch a beaten Track, I have had forty Men ſay the very ſame thing to me.

Braſs. And I have had forty Women give as perverſe Anſwers, and yet in time have been very complying.

Luc. No Perſon of any Eſteem ſure, wou'd ever offer to comply with a Man, who glories to be reckon'd one of that ſcandalous Crew, call'd the Town-Rakes.

Era. Good Madam don't be paſſionate, wherein has any of thoſe Town-Rakes injur'd your Ladiſhip?

Luc. Not at all; but I think I do you Juſtice, to let you know, that you Sparks that deifie your Bottles, have forfeited all claim to any juſt Amour; and you ought to be laugh'd at when you pretend to't; for my part I'd ſooner expect Plain-dealing in a Courtier, Humility in a well-dignifi'd Prelate, or Remorſe of Conſcience in a Uſurer; than Truth and Sincerity in a Toping Lover.

Era. Ah Madam! what time we ſpend with our Friends abroad, we re double with Int'reſt, at the return to our Miſtreſſes, in Vigour and Kindneſs.——And for my part, I'd ſoon expect Patience in a caſt Miſtreſs, Juſtice in a Kept one, or Devotion in a ſide-box Procurer, than ſubſtantial Worth in that Man that loſes the Joys of Friendſhip and Drinking, for fear of diſturbing the Fair Sex with the ſmell of Wine and Tobacco.

Luc. Indeed you ſhew your Converſation by your Similes; therefore pray return to your Sotting.——Court your Casks and your Kilderkins, and never adventure of an Amour again, beyond an Hoſteſs or a Bar-keeper.——I'm confident you'll find your ſelf the Scorn of any Woman of Reputation, and at length be laugh'd at by every body: Ha, ha, ha.

Era. Oonz, why laugh'd at? (Flaſh *kiſſing* For. *hand.*)

Enter Bellardin, Lovebright, *and* Jaſper, *at a diſtance.*

Bell. Hell and Furies, ſee how merry *Lucinda* is with that Sot *Braſsby.*

Lov. And ſee yonder young *Flaſh* ſwallowing *Formoſa*'s hand at a morſel.

Bell. Blood and Death, let's go murder 'em.

Lov. No, no, prithee *Bellardin* have Patience, a public Diſturbance will break all our future meaſures.——Come, let's go up to 'em.——Ladies here's a German Perſon of Quality, Count *Dunder*, ſays, he receiv'd Obligations from Mr. *Bellardin* in *Flanders*, who engag'd him to pay a Viſit to this Family.

Bell. Saucrawment Mauddaum, de Engliſs Laudy, be de very brauve Laudy in alltum all de Verld; de——Gad I ſhall fall into my own natural Dialect ſpite of Fate. (*Aſide.*

For. 'Tis the Generous Temper of you Travellers, that beſtow that undeſerving Character upon us Engliſh Women.

Lov. S'death my Miſtreſs has faſt'n'd upon him already.

Bell. Mauddaum, Blickſen under Dunder ſlagen, ick can no Cumplemant;

mant; ick hab bin altide in de Varr, altide in de Varr, geſlagen de Toork, de grote Toork, de deevill de Toork.

Jaſ. Sir, Sir, if you find your ſelf at a loſs, and can't lie faſt enough, bid 'em ask me what you have done. (*aſide to* Bell.)

Bell. Hold your Tongue you Dog.—— (*aſide to* Jaſ.)

For. How nobly fierce he looks? (*aſide.*)

Bell. Be cod Laudies, me can no good Engliſs ſprauken.

Lov. On my word my Lord, conſidering your late arrival,——you ſpeak to a Miracle.

Luc. We underſtand your Lordſhip very well.

For. Indeed my Lord, methinks your Lordſhip talks ſo prettily, I underſtand you every ſyllable.

Lov. Ay, no doubt on't, on my Conſcience ſhe'd underſtand a Man, ſhou'd he ſpeak *Arabic*.

Fla. I ſhou'd be proud of doing your Lordſhip any Service.

Bra. Believe me to be the ſame my Lord.

Bell. Shentlemen you make a me de very great honore.

For. Pray my Lord, how does Mr. *Bellardin* do, does he not talk of returning?

Bell. Neet, neet Mauddaum; Ah, myn heer *Bellardin* bin very vell, he bin een brave Kerle; altide mery, mery, he Kiſs a de Vroe; he drink a de Glaſs; Cods Saucrawment myn heer *Bellardin* bin een heil brauve Engliſhmaun. (*Aſide.*)

For. Doſt hear *Lucy*? I find there were ſome grounds for the report.

Luc. Come Gentlemen, will you lead into the Houſe? [*Exeunt.*

Jaſper *pulls back* Biddy *as ſhe's going off.*

Jaſ. Mamoſell, Mamoſell, begar you be de one very pretty little Engliſs Rogue.

Bid. Pray what wou'd you have with me Sir?

Jaſ. In de virſt place, Mamoſell, me vud have de Kiſſe, de pretty little Kiſſe; and den after dat, me vud have de little pretty oder ting, dat is in de oder place.——Come heder, come heder, me ſhall tell you vat preſantly. (*Pulling her.*

Bid. Pray Sir what do you mean? either be civil Sir, and let me go, or I proteſt I'll cry out, that I will,——nay I will; ah——e. (*Cries out*

Jaſ. Den me proteſt me vill ſtop your mout.

Enter Bevis *and* Caſh. (Biddy *runs off.*)

Bev. Oonz! what's here to do? here's the Son of a Tinder-box, the Count's French valet de Chambre, going to raviſh pretty *Biddy*; *Caſh*, call

call some help, and bid the Gard'ner bring his Wat'ring-pan.

(Cash *runs out and brings in the Gard'ner with a Wat'ring-pan.*)

Come, come, give me the Pan, and do you lay this hot Mounsieur down flat upon his back, I'll cool his Courage for him, I'll secure him.

Jas. Shentlemen, pardonne me, pardonne me, me be le sieur *Gendermain*, one very civill Shentleman.

Bev. Very civil indeed, Mr. Mounsieur, to offer to cram your Handkerchief into a Woman's mouth, come down with him, down with him.

(*They lay* Jasper *down on his back, and pour Water on him.*)

Jas. Ah Morblieu! ah Morblieu! vat for de deevil is all dis? ah——he.

Bev. So let him up,——Now Sir you may walk off if you please, Mr. Mounsieur, and tell this story when you come into your own Country.

Jas. Morblieu dis be de dam'd Son of de Whore de Englis tricke, me tell you datt.——one very pretty fancy begar,——begar one very pretty fancy. [*Exit.*

Bev. Honest *Cash*, when shalt thou and I drink a Bottle together?—Honest *Cash*, thou art my best of Friends,——hast thou solicited my Affair with thy Master? hast any orders yet? ha *Cash?*

Cash. Not for a Souse, upon my word Mr. *Bevis*, the last that you had is like to prove my own Loss.

Bev. Come prithee advance but twenty Pieces more.——*Cash*, what do you think? Egad you little imagine that I know a sweet Creature, that says thou'rt a well-built handsome comely Person.

Cash. Ah no!——sure you do but Jest?

Bev. By the belly of *Bacchus* Boy 'tis true, and Egad she's in the right on't.——Who can say, but that honest *Cash* here has as many Perfections as a Woman can wish for.——Faith she must have the Appetite of a Cormorant, that can dispence with more than what I believe thou art able to produce.

Cash. Nay look you Mr. *Bevis*, the respect I bear you and your Family, may make me do much;——but sure you are not in earnest about the other concern, are you Mr. *Bevis*?

Bev. Trust me Boy, to night——I say this night, she shall be thy own.

Cash. Well Sir, I will venture as far as twenty Pieces more, there Sir they be;——but I vow Sir you must get Sir *George*'s Order for an Hundred Pounds, and then all may be included. Sir I am your humble Servant.——You say Sir I shall see you towards night? [*Exit.*

Bev

Bev. Thou ſhalt not fail my Boy,——let me think a little; a pretty piece of buſineſs this, to Lye, Flatter, and Coax my Brother's Book-keeper; nay, Pimp for him too; and all this to ſupply my ſelf with a little ready Caſh.——And this is the Effects of Raking, ſure I ſhall take up in time;——but to prevent conſideration, here comes truſty *Secreta*, in all haſte to bring me ſome precious meſſage no doubt on't.

Enter Secreta.

Sec. Oh Mr. *Bevis!* things go as I wou'd wiſh, my Lady *Grumble* has taken a wond'rous liking to your Friend Mr. *Flaſh*, ſomething muſt be made of this, you underſtand me; and if this fail, we'll ſhuffle the Cards and deal again.

Bev. Thou'rt a rare old Girl E'gad *Secreta*; come, we'll go in, and ſettle matters upon a good bottom Wench,——what think'ſt thou of a little Foundation work? ha Child? come along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Room in the Houſe.

Enter Sir Geo. Grumble, *Lady* Grumble, *and* Fidgett.

La. *G.* Come pray Sir *George*, ſit down and compoſe your ſelf a little, indeed Sir *George*, giving ſo much way to your Paſſion, will certainly prejudice your Health, and in time deſtroy you.

Sir *G.* Nay, I am deſtroy'd that's certain,——alack!——hark,——I hear my Heart-ſtrings crackle already,——ſee, ſee, *I* begin to look blue under the Nails too, oh Lord! *I* ſhall die, *I* ſhall be dead in a moment.

L. *G.* Oh good Sir *George* don't ſay ſo, *I* am ſure *I* can tell by Experience that you are of a ſtrong robuſt Conſtitution;——*Fidgett*, run quickly, and fetch Sir *George* ſome of my Cordials, and let him ſmell to my Spirit of Harts-horn. (Fidgett *runs out and fetches the Bottle.*

Sir *G.* No, no, 'tis no matter, *I* ſhall be dead before ſhe return, and what if *I* do die?——Who'd live in ſuch a wicked Age as this is? in ſuch a Devil of a Nation as this is too?——I ſhall be undone and ruin'd eternally, oh lack! I'm very faint.

Enter Caſh.

Caſh. Sir, *I* am come to acquaint you, that Mr. *Conveyance* of *Gray's-Inn*, deſires you to take back the *Hertfordſhire* Five Thouſand Pound

Mortgage, the Gentleman at present having no occasion for the Mony. [*Exit.*

Sir *G.* How, no occasion for the Mony, but *I* say the Gentleman shall have occasion for the Mony, (*Drinks intermittingly*) the Writings are——executed, and his Security is——Good; Oonz don't *I* know the Gentleman is a——Gamester; let him keep it, and——lose it, and the next time he wants Mony the Estate is——my own.——Humh, humh, here, here Mrs. *Fidgett*, Dad I find I am very well again, Ha, Spouse, very well,——very well E'dad.——

L. *G.* Indeed *Georgee* I am glad on't, prithee *Georgee* let us consider a little to change our Furniture,——Do you think that City Furniture is fit for this end of the Town?——I have not so much as one Bed with my own Cypher upon't, and I am sure my Quality deserves a Cypher with a Coronet at the head on't, were I dignifi'd suitable to the Grandure of my Soul.

Sir *G.* Ah Spouse! Spouse! that Soul of thine will be our Ruin at last, do what I can.——This end of the Town will Ruin us to all Intents and Purposes.

L. *G.* Ruin!——Were you but to see our Neighbours; there's my Lady *Haughty* at the next door, never lets Company see one Stand of *China* twice, she flings a hundred Pounds worth every morning at the heads of her Tire-women.——Never takes the Air but with a fresh Set of Jewels,——has her Bed warm'd every Night, with Charcoal made of Rosemary stalks, besprinkl'd with Essence of Oranges,——and always drinks her Tea, both hot and cold, with powder of Pearl in't.

Sir *G.* Oh mercy! why 'tis more than both the *Indies* can maintain.

L. *G.* I am sure I'm as much Quality as she, and you can as well afford it as her Husband,——and love me as well too, don't you *Georgee?*

Sir G. Nay, I do love thee that's the truth of it; by Bobbs and by Bobbs thy Cordial begins to enflame and play the Devil with me, Dad *I* must Buss thee *Gumbee.*

L. *G.* Buss me?——Will you send then and buy me a Sett of the deceas'd King of *Poland*'s Coach-horses? Why ought not my Goodly Person to be drawn with Royal Equipage? hum h.——

Sir *G.* Come go along with me into the next Room then, and thou shalt have thy Coach drawn with Eight of the Great Mogul's white Elephants if thou thinks fit, my *Gumbee*, E'dad thou sha't.

Enter

Enter Cash.

Cash. Sir, here are half a dozen Bills come in, they are drawn payable in two days time.

Sir *G.* Oonz! two days time! who the Devil pays Bills in two months time as times go now, tell me that? ha! go, go, see what they bid *per Cent.* there's the point, *Cash*, ha? (Cash *goes off and returns immediately.)* Come pidee *Gumbee* let's go in.

Cash. Sir, here's a Messenger from the City, that brings word that the *Elizabeth* is going to be clear'd.

Sir G. How! and I not there! why the Rogues will cheat me half in half if we han't a care, Dogs.

Cash. Nay Sir we are pretty even with 'em in that point, for we have smuggl'd the choicest of the Effects already.

Sir G. Mum, Mum for that: Well Spouse, business must be done, and thine at night, and so adieu.—— [*Exeunt Sir* G. *and* Cash.

L. G. Adieu *Georgee:* Now *Fidgett* I hope we shall be a little at ease.——certainly *Fidgett* my Head is somewhat too back.

Fid. Not at all Madam, I saw a Dutchess at the Play last night with her Head just so dress't.

L. G. Nay then 'tis very well, was her Grace much Patch'd?

Fid. Just as you are Madam, I have taken care to give your Ladiship's Face the very same Air.

L. G. Indeed it seems very well, *(looking in her Glass)* and very agreeable at the least, if not Charming.——*Fidget*, Pray take care that all things be in order for the Reception of the Company, let the perfum'd Tapers be lighted up,——and pray see that I have my due Attendance paid me, for I hear I shall be visited anon by a German Count. Go call *Secreta* hither. [*Exit* Fidget, *enter* Secreta.

Secreta you may now admit the Gentleman. [*Exit* Secreta, *enter* Flash.

Flash. Your Ladiship's most humble Servant.

L. G. I protest 'tis a pretty Fellow! were he but a Lord now, methinks I cou'd love him infinitely, *(aside.)*——I know your business, Sir.

Flash. And that's more than *I* do at present, but *I* can pretty well guess at it.

Enter Bevis, *rushing into the Room.*

Bev. Oh Lord! I beg your Ladiship's Pardon, I thought you had been alone indeed Madam.

L. G. You may come in Brother *Bevis*, here's no body but a young Gentleman that's come to desire my Int'rest with his Colonel for a Vacancy.

Bev. Ay, ay, no doubt on't 'twas to fill up a Vacancy I verily believe, (*aside*) your Ladiship delights in doing good Madam, mine's a business of the same nature, I humbly beg you'd use your utmost endeavours with my Brother, to augment my short Allowance.

L. G. Mr. *Bevis* I'll undertake to do it effectually for you.——Lord! what a stupid senceless Brute have *I* to my Woman, to let any body disturb me, when *I* was alone with a pretty young Gentleman? (*aside*) ——Sir in an hours time you shall know what can be done for you.

Fla. *I* humbly thank your Ladiship.——This is fair warning or the Devil's in't.——(*Aside.*)

L. G. Come Gentlemen, let's walk into the Company, and dipose of our selves for Mirth and Gallantry. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovebright, *and* Formosa.

Lov. So Madam, have *I* at length singl'd you out from the Herd?

For. Well, and what have you to say to me now?

Lov. Nay nothing, nothing at all by my Soul, nothing but what *I* wou'd say to any Woman as well as your self.

For. How visibly his Eyes bely his Tongue; (*aside.*) very well Sir, then *I* hope *I* may expect to be Harangu'd with some pretty soft melting Expressions,——for *I* know you to be a Man of those Accomplishments, that you'll scarce entertain a Lady otherwise.

Lov. No Faith Madam, have a care of that, such a method may endanger prevailing, and then *I* might incurr being rude, in disappointing your Ladiship's Expectations. Good Gad! how Difficult 'tis for me to counterfeit a Neglect? (*aside.*)

For. If your Conquests are made at so easie a rate, *I* must suspect the Discretion of the Ladies you converse withal.

Lov. 'Tis a Vanity, Madam, peculiar to your Sex; there's not one of you, but despises the Conduct of all other Women.

For. Let me tell you, Mr. *Lovebright*, 'tis a gross Impudence in yours, ever to be taxing ours with so much Weakness and Vanity!

Lov. I should allow my self guilty of your Charge, Madam, shou'd *I* offer to contest with you;——Bless me! how Divine she looks, even her Anger is Charming. (*aside.*) But Madam, my present Applications to your Ladiship, is on behalf of my Friend *Bellardin*, *I* beg you will

use

uſe your Int'reſt with *Lucinda*, to reveal him; ſince *I* am aſſur'd he will never return without her command.

For. This requeſt of yours, will, I believe, be eaſily granted, I promiſe you I'll uſe my endeavour.——But pray let me conjure you, never to require any thing again of me upon your own account.

Lov. Gad *I* am confident ſhe means this Ironically, or at leaſt I'll take it ſo; now Madam you lay an Injunction upon me, that's impoſſible for me to obſerve; for as you was Miſtreſs of my firſt Vows, ſo you ſhall ever continue the Director of my Fate.

For. Nay, now *I* believe you are as good as your word, and ſay that to me which you wou'd ſay to any Woman beſides my ſelf.

Lov. Sure Madam there's ſomething in Reality, which muſt of neceſſity diſtinguiſh it ſelf;——for when *I* ſpeak things of courſe, *I* find my Soul at eaſe: But where my Pretenſions are Juſt and Real,——at each ſyllable warm guſts of Paſſion ſtrike from the Centre of my Heart, thro' every Vein of me, and my Eyes tingle with a deſire to gaze for ever.

For. Nay, if you once begin to be in earneſt, 'tis time you ſhou'd go and divert your ſelf in company.——Come pray let's be moving.

Lov. You ſee, Madam, a ſtifl'd Paſſion will have its vent:

So Fires conceal'd, may ſome time ſmoth'ring lye;
Till Flames break forth, and mount the vaulted Sky. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A public Room in the Houſe.*

Enter Bellardin *leading* Lady Grumble, Lovebright *leading* Lucinda, *and* Flaſh *leading* Formoſa; Fidgett, *Page and Attendance.*

L. G. HEre, who waits there? *Fidgett*, *Page*, where are all my Foot-men? Oh Heavens! what a ſlender Attendance have *I* here.——My Lord, I fear I ſhall never be able to entertain your Lordſhip ſuitable to your Dignity.

Bell. Pardonne me Mauddaum, Cods Saucrawment 'tis altum all brauve; de brauve Houſe, de brauve tunder tings; but vat is de brauveſt of all, is de very brauve ye Vroe.

Lov.

Lov. I can assure your Lordship, my Lady *Grumble* here, is a Person of those noble Qualifications, that we can't but look upon her Ladiship as one of the chiefest Ornaments of our Kingdom.

Fla. And deserves no mean Rank among the ancient Worthies of her Sex.

Luc. Jesu! how false is the Tongue of Man? when *I* know at the same time, that both these Fellows laugh at her Folly and Extravagance. (*aside.*)

L. G. O fe Gentlemen! *I* profess it discomposes the order of my looks, and strangely Embarrasses my Thoughts, to hear you use such Expressions, of a Person, Gentlemen, so little deserving as your most Obedient.——Tho' I must confess, *I* am a Person, Gentlemen, that wou'd, if possible, act in all things according to my Quality.

Bell. Cods Saucrawment Mauddaum, de Imperatrice, de graund Sultaness, nay de Deeviless be not so brauve Persone, as bin Mauddaum dere.

L. G. Oh my Lord! what is't you say? I am not able to answer such Excess of Gallantry as abounds in your Lordship.——You are a Souldier my Lord, I hope you'll honour us with a Relation of some of your noble Exploits.

Bell. Yaw yaw Maddaum, ick bin one Grote Souldate, ick hab no mere den Zeaven Bullet de Musquet in min Brain; and de Snicker snegen in alltum all min Body; ick vill shew you, ick vill shew you strate. (*Offers to unbutton.*)

Fla. Zoons! is the Devil in the Count? (*Aside.*)

L. G. Oh good my Lord! don't give your self the trouble, we all believe your Lordship every tittle.

Luc. Do we so? 'twas well answer'd for us however.

L. G. I have, my Lord, prepar'd a Military Simphony, which, *I* hope, may in some measure answer your Lordship's Warlike Gust and Temper.——Here, will some of you open those folding Doors there? Will your Lordship please to take a small repast.

Scene

Scene opens, and the Company goes in to a Banquet, flouriſh of Trumpets as they lead up: During the Banquet an Entertainment of Muſic, Singing and Dancing.

Ode Triumphal.

Give to the Warrior loud and laſting Praiſe,
May bounteous Bleſſings crown his Days;
Reach forth the Laurel, and adorn his Brow,
While Crowds around his Royal Perſon bow.
Bow all your Heads, and let the Monarch march,
Under a high and lofty Arch;
Whil'ſt Wiſhing Virgins Throng,
To pay the humble Tribute of a Song.
Jo Triumphe,
Jo Triumphe.

See the Mighty Naſſau's *come,*
Richly fraught with Honours home;
Sound, Sound your Trumpets, raiſe their Clangors high,
Till with harmonious noiſe,
We rend the wond'ring Skies,
And charm the Gods with Warlike Melody.

Enter Bevis *and* Braſsby *Drunk.*

Bev. By the belly of *Bacchus* good People, I'll make one among'ſt you: *I* am Drunk *(Hickups)* by *Jove*, Da-me here's honeſt *Braſsby*, the honeſt'ſt Fellow in the Kingdom,—— be Gad.—— Gad Madam we have been down in your Ladiſhip's Cellar, and tickl'd away the Champain E'faith.——Da--me *Flaſh*, are you there? you young Smock-fac't Dog you, how come you to flinch us? ha Sirrah?

Braſs. Prithee *Bevis* don't *(Hickups)* talk; if you wou'd but hold your peace, all wou'd——be well.

Enter Sir George Grumble, Caſh *and* Fidgett.

Sir *G.* A---hay! what's here to do? here's fine doings E'faith—— Oonz! ſhan't *I* be undone at this rate? Ods-heartlikins! *I* ſhall be eaten out of houſe and home in a Trice, in a Trice.

Bev. And a---hay too: Oonz! if you are for making a noiſe, I'll

make

make a noiſe as well as you now.——Damee——Brother, will you order me ſome more Mony? What ſay you?

Sir G. Mercy on me! here's my Brother as Drunk as an Emperor, and no doubt will be for cutting my Throat in my own Houſe preſently.——*Fidgett*, Who the Devil's that ſits ſo cloſe up to my Wife there, ha? he with thoſe Diabolical Whiskers?

Fid. 'Tis Count *Dunder* Sir, a *German* Perſon of Quality.

Sir G. *Dunder!* And ſo *I* muſt be made a thund'ring Cuckold muſt I? and have a pair of lofty *German* Horns grafted upon my Pericranium, that in a little time may ſpread their branches from the *Rhine* to the *Danube*.——Oonz! I'll go cut his Throat that I will, I'll go rip up his Paunch, and drown'd him in the Wine he has drank, a ſwilling Dog; let me come at him, let me come at him I ſay. (Caſh *and* Fidgett *holding Sir* George, *the Scene ſhuts upon the Banquet.)* What! do they ſhut themſelves in? Gad I'll go fetch them that ſhall open the Doors I warrant you: I'll go raiſe the *Poſſe Comitatus*, that I will, looſe me, looſe me I ſay. [*Exit ſtrug'ling with* Caſh *and* Fid.

Enter Secreta.

Sec. Oh Gad! Mr. *Bevis* what do you do in this caſe? at this rate you'll ſpoil all my deſigns for you, come, pray go take a Nap of half an hour, and you ſhall find I have laid ſuch a Plot, that will make a Prince of you; and perhaps it may be a means of recalling Mr. *Bellardin*, and re-eſtabliſhing his eternal Quiet with the beautiful *Lucinda*.

Bra. Come *Bevis*, *Secreta* is your true Friend you know, pray be rul'd by her.

Bev. By the belly of *Bacchus* Boy and ſo I will; come old Girl I'll go along with you, (*ſings.*) *And cling to thy Wem like the Tail of a Lobſter.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pedanty *and* Burgerſditius, Fidgett *meeting them.*

Fid. Ah Mr. *Pedanty!* You are the welcom'ſt Man living.——You are a happy Gentleman, ſince you are come to take Poſſeſſion of as fine a Bride as ever ſtep't betwixt Sheets.

Ped. And I'll tell you what Mrs. *Fidgett*, ſhe ſhall find me as mettleſome a young Fellow as ever *Oxford* bred, I'll tell her that. Dad I'm no ſneaking *Cantab.* no *Alma Mater* Boy, I have wherewithal, and will *penetrare ad Imum.*

Fid.

Fid. Lord, I ſee you are grown a deep-learn'd Schollar, for I can't underſtand you.

Ped. Mrs. *Fidgett*, this is my Tutor, *Burgerſditius ſecundus*, a Man that is as full of Learning, as an Egg's full of Meat. Nay, he's a meer *Roſa-Cruſian.*—— I'll undertake he ſhall puzzle a whole Conclave of Cardinals,——Sir, will you know Mrs. *Fidgett*, my Lady Mother's Woman. (Burgerſditius *Salutes* Fidgett *awkardly.*)

Bur. I muſt own, Forſooth, that the Dulcibility of this Oſculation, has ſuſcitated a Ferment in my Sanguinary Veſſels; and the Agitation of the *Succus Radicalis*, may, I fear, occaſion an Exaltation, Hem! hem!

Ped. There's Oratory, there's fine Language for you.

Fid. Alas Sir, I'm ſure I can't deſerve ſo fine a Complement; but while you are in this Houſe, it ſhall be my care, that your Entertainment be as Court-like as poſſible; my Lady is in her Cloſet pacifying Sir *George*, I'll go and tell her you are come Gentlemen. (*The Servants of the Houſe come one after another and ſtare upon 'em.*)

Bur. Mr. *Pedanty*, What do theſe People ſtare at us at this rate, do they take us for Monſters?

Ped. No, *Burgerſditius*, but I believe they take us for no leſs than Conjurers, being *Oxford* Schollars: S'nigs if they come agen let's blew 'em, ha?

Enter Lady Grumble, Fidgett *and* Page.

L. *G.* (Pedanty *kneeling.*) Bleſs my Child, thou art welcome kindly, and ſo are you Sir; I ſhall not be wanting in being Grateful, for the care you have had of my Son here.

Bur. It has been, Forſooth, as well my Nocturnal as Diurnal Study, to embelliſh Mr. *Pedanty*'s Interiors, with the Rudiments of ſound Philoſophy. Hem! hem!

Ped. Lady Mother, I thank you for the laſt Plum-cake you ſent me, dad 'twas pure good, and we was ſo merry at the eating of it, and had ſo many pretty Diſputes about it,——what do you think; but we prov'd it a Sea-horſe, a Crocodile, a Rhinoceros, and a Dromedary, and forty more things, till at laſt we prov'd it——nothing, he, he, e.

Bur. Ha, ha, a, that was Wit I proteſt, that was Wit.——I profeſs your Son here, Forſooth, may be call'd a Quotidian *Terræ filius.*

L. G. *Fidgett*, is not *Peddy* ſtrang'ly alter'd? when he went from School, he was a very pretty Boy, and now methinks he's ſuch an over-grown Lowt, and looks ſo Cawfiſh, he has no manner of Air of Quality in his Face, and is not that ſtrange, being my Son?

Fid. The Town, Madam, will ſoon poliſh him.

Ped. You wou'd not think what I cou'd prove you if I had a mind to't. I'd undertake to prove you a Mermaid, a ſhe Elephant, or a *Soland* Gooſe.——What do you think of that again? And all this I can do Syllogiſtically,——ask him, ask him elſe.

Bur. Nay, I'll ſay that for Mr. *Pedanty*, he's as good a Diſputant as ever mounted Desk; and as true an *Ariſtotelian* as ever ſaid *Ipſe Dixit*.

Ped. *Sic dixit Burgerſditius*, he, he, e.

Bur. Ha, ha, a, That's good again I vow: Pray Forſooth for the future let your Son be call'd *Pedutitius Sarcaſniſmus Logicianus*. *(They both hum, ſtamp, and make a noiſe.*

L. G. What is't they Laugh at? and why do they make ſuch a hideous noiſe?

Fid. Alack Madam! if we were Schollars we ſhou'd know.

L. G. Indeed Schollarſhip is a fine thing; but I fear *Peddy* has too much of it for a well-bred Gentleman.——Come Child, thou ſha't go in and ſee thy Miſtreſs. Pray *Fidgett* take care of *Peddy*'s Tutor.

[*Exeunt* L. G. *and* Ped.

Fid. I ſhall Madam: Sir, will you pleaſe to take a Glaſs of Sack and a Toaſt, to refreſh your ſelf after your Journey?

Bur. As the Refulgency of your Opticks has penetrated into the utmoſt Receſſes of my Heart; ſo the Contemplation of your Goodneſs and Affability, has ſtupifi'd my Intellectuals. Hem! hem!

Fid. Indeed Sir, I believe I can never deſerve all theſe hard words; come Sir, Pray let me ſhew you the way in.

Bur. I, Forſooth, am your *Umbra*, and when my glorious light precedes, I muſt perſue.

Fid. Come along then: If Mr. *Caſh* cou'd but talk ſo finely it were ſomething. (*Aſide.*) [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Sure they muſt be Strangers to the Bleſſings of Quiet and Repoſe, and utter Enemies to all Thought, that delight in theſe public Viſits; What a Medly of Noiſe and Extravagance is yonder within? ev'ry body ſpeaks without thinking, and no body anſwers to the purpoſe.——Affected apiſh mimicking, is us'd for Geſtures of Complaiſance, and eternal Chatt'ring of Nonſence, is eſteem'd prompt Elocution; detracting from the Virtuos, beſpatt'ring the Innocent, and degrading of true Worth, is Acuteneſs of Wit: In ſhort, Bragging, Lying, Sland'ring, Wheedl'ing, Rooking, Cheating, and at laſt ſome baſe and vitious Aſſignations, are the main Affairs that attend the

modiſh

modiſh ſeeing of Company.——And here I can no ſooner retire to reflect on theſe Impertinences, but am follow'd by the greateſt.

Enter Bellardin.

Bell. Aw Mauddaum, ick hab neet min Eyes in min Burs, ick hab ſeen vell ven de groteſt light hab gone away; and hab left de poor Count *Dunder*, altum all in de Duncker; aw Mauddaum, me bin all over love for you.

Luc. Ah Mr. Count, I find it's beyond the power of Art, for a Lover to counterfeit long unknown; but I'll carry on my Project, (*aſide*) I fear, my Lord, we ſhan't underſtand each other ſufficiently to hold any Diſcourſe.

Bell. Yaw, yaw Mauddaum, ick foreſtand heil vell, ick vill love you Mauddaum, mere den all de Verld.——Aw min lifeakin, min all, min altum all.

Luc. Oh fie, my Lord, you have had too much Experience in the World to talk of Love; ſure Love's too Effeminate a Paſſion for a Warrior.

Bell. Neet, neet Mauddaum, *Mars* de grote God of Varr make de grote Love himſelf.

Luc. I muſt own, my Lord, that you have ſomething ſo Manly, ſo God-like Charming, that I'm of an opinion you'll ſcarce meet with an obſtinate Repulſe, where-ever you make a ſincere Pretention.

Bell. 'S death ſhe's grown light and eaſie, I'll try farther (*aſide.*) Min Pretence Mauddaum, ben only for de brauve *Lucinda.*

Luc. Lucinda muſt with Bluſhes own an high Eſteem for the Count.

Bell. Oonz 'tis ſo! However I'll go on, (*aſide.*)——Den Mauddaum here take a de Count, de Count *Dunder* vill be your Slave, your Vaſſaul, your every ting.

Luc. Ah my Lord! How concern'd am I, that I had not your Lordſhip's kind offer ſooner? for I have already beſtow'd the Promiſe of my Perſon, and am now going to deliver my ſelf in Poſſeſſion, in order to be marri'd this night:——Therefore I am ſatisfi'd your Civility and good Breeding will not allow you to give me any preſent Impediment: And ſo my Lord I am your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Bell. S'death ſhe's gone! ſhe's gone! and has left me in the height of Amazement: Why was ſhe ſo kind?—— And why ſo Cruel, to leave me ſo abruptly? Why did I not fling my ſelf at her Feet? Confeſs the Deception, and implore her Pitty? it had been Glorious to have fell a Victim there, and expir'd a boaſting Martyr to the almighty Power of Love.

Enter Lovebright *and* Jaſper.

Ah *Lovebright!* What muſt be done? I don't find my Diſguiſe will ſtand me in any ſtead.

Jaſ. I wiſh you wou'd pleaſe to let me be an Engliſh-man again Sir, for ſince I have been a French-man here, I have been once half drown'd, twice half throt'le'd, and kick'd twenty times, at once the length of a Furlong at leaſt

Bell. Without doubt Sir, then you were Roguiſh and deſerv'd all this: But prithee hold thy Prating and withdraw a little.

Jaſ. Sir *I* will, if you pleaſe to diſcharge a few Arrears, for we are at preſent in a Houſe of the Court-faſhion Forſooth, where Servants never Eat nor Drink.

Bell. Oonz *I* have no Mony! Can't you, in this Diſguiſe, go and get Tick at a French Houſe.

Jaſ. Oh Lord! a French Houſe; there are not ſuch Cut-throat Houſes in the Nation as thoſe *French Houſes:* As I hope to be Sav'd, yonder up in *Soho*, laſt night, they took the Buckles out of my Shooes, for a Meſs of Soop of five days reverſion.

Lov. There *Jaſper*, there's ſomething to Drink, go, prithee leave us.

Jaſ. I'm gone Sir, I'm gone: Now 'tis Fifty to one but I go and get Drunk with this, and then I'd Compound for another thund'ring Kicking, were I ſure to ſave my Ears, I'm ſuch an unlucky whoreſon Dog in my Drink; but *Allons, Meſſieurs, votre Serviteur.* A-ha. [*Exit.*

Lov. Look you *Bellardin*, here *I* have receiv'd a Letter from *Lucinda* by the hands of *Formoſa*, to be ſent to you at *Bruſſels*, incloſ'd in one of mine; 'tis ſeal'd, the Contents *I* know not.

Bell. Be it what it will, *I* ſhall ſoon ſee my Doom, (*reads.*)

Sir, *Since you have made me the Pretence of your Travel, I thought my ſelf ſo far int'reſs'd in your Concerns, as to deſire you immediately to return; for my part I ſhall no longer be capable of creating you any diſturbance, ſince I ſhall this day diſpoſe of my ſelf. So wiſhing you a good Voyage, I am yours* Lucinda.

Oh ye Heavens! oh ye Gods above! What can be the meaning of this? Do you think then ſhe'll marry that young Coxcomb *Pedanty?*

Lov. To deal friendly with you, I fear ſhe will: *Formoſa* told me, that Preparations are already made, and accordingly Mr. *Pedanty* is already come home, and I believe at this time with her.

Bell. Jeſu! Who can apprehend the Myſtery of a Woman's Inclinations? That *Lucinda*, a Woman of that Divine Form, of that ſtrong Sence, ſhou'd fling her ſelf into the Arms of a grinning Monkey! a

two-leg'd thing! whoſe only Pretence to Humane Kind, is his Riſibility.

Lov. You have ſo far the Precedence of me, that you know already what you are to depend upon:—— As for my Affairs, I am ſtill left wholly in the dark.

Bell. Ah *Lovebright!* now is the time to exert thy Friendſhip, the Concern I lye under, confounds all the Faculties of my Soul, and renders them uſeleſs; prithee think of ſome means to defer this intended Match, or I am the miſerable'ſt Man living.

Lov. Some Expedient muſt be thought of, come, 'tis no time for idle Harrangues; let's go procure good Inteiligence, that we may take our meaſures accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Grumble, Lucinda, Formoſa, Pedanty *and* Fidget, *Page.*

L. G. Look you *Lucinda*, I have thought fit that you and *Peddy* ſhou'd once converſe together a little before the indiſſoluble Knot be ty'd; tho' it had been no matter whether you had ſeen one another or not: Nay, it had been more Court-like to have courted by Picture, and marri'd by Proxy.——I need ſay no more, pray be obſervant of my Injunctions.——Come *Formoſa*, they are at Cards within, let's go and leave the young Couple, that they may reciprocally give to each other a refreſhing Guſt of their Amour.

Ped. I'll warrant you Lady Mother, let us alone together, we ſhall do well enough ne'er fear it; for tho' ſhe may be ſaid *Actualiter* to be her own Woman's Man, yet *Potentialiter* ſhe's my Woman's Man, ha? there's diſtinction for you.

For. Was there ever ſuch Nonſence? I am ſure thou'rt actually the greateſt Ninny that I ever yet look't upon, (*aſide.*) Madam I attend your Ladiſhip.

L. G. Come away then *Fidgett*, Why don't you ſhew the Page how to handle my Train more gracefully? Methinks the fooliſh awkard Boy, when he meddles with it, gives it no Air; pray learn him to take it up with a more artful turn and Ruſtle. [*Exeunt* L. G. For. Fid.

Ped. Come Wife of mine, *Quoad poſſe.*—— Now if you cou'd but Chop Logick, we ſhou'd be the rareſt company together, hea?

Luc. Diſputation, Sir, might occaſion Animoſities, and it wou'd ſeem incongruous for me to Conteſt with my Soveraign Head.

Ped. Oh Pox! not at all, not in the leaſt; Why we are never angry Mun, tho' we Scold never ſo; we can make as great a Noiſe about *Ens Rationis*, as ever was made at *Billinſgate* about a Basket of Mackrel, and yet owe one another no ill Will neither; I find you don't know the nature of a pretty ſmart Diſputant.

Luc.

Luc. I ſuppoſe you controul your Paſſions with the Study of Morality.

Ped. Nay Forſooth, that Ethicks is but a plaguy dull ſort of Study, I don't much trouble my ſelf about it, not I.——I warrant you don't know how many Sects of Philoſophy there is, hea Miſtreſs, what ſay you now?

Luc. Not I upon my word Sir.

Ped. A, ha, ha, ha, I thought ſo E'feckins: E'dad I ſhall ſo tickle you about then with the *Platonicks*, *Peripateticks*, *Epicurean*, *Pythagorean*, and the Devil and all.——As for the new Philoſophy, *I* value it not of a Ruſh, 'tis all Nonſence and Stuff, Band-box all over.

Luc. Pray what do you think of Mr. *Hobbs* Sir?

Ped. Hobbs! Gad that *Hobbs* was a very pretty Fellow; but *I* believe *I* am as good a Philoſopher as he, ſo *I* do; *I* have thought ſeveral times to write an *Appendix* to him, and add a Cubit to his *Leviathan*.

Luc. This is the moſt peculiar way of Courtſhip that ever *I* met withal, (*aſide.*)——Come Sir, ſhall we go into the Company?

Ped. Ay Forſooth, with all my heart.——'Dad you know nothing of me yet, but you ſhall know more of me when my Books come from *Oxford*, I'll tell you ſo much;——till then I'll ſay but little. Come Miſtreſs, Which hand muſt *I* take you by? Troth *I* don't know now if I were to be hang'd, not I, that I don't.

Luc. 'Tis no matter which Sir, they are both at your Service.

Ped. Are they ſo? 'Dad then you ſhall find I'll put them to good Service; you ſhall be my *Emanuenſis*, and Pen down my Philoſophical Diſſertations, What ſay you to that now? Ods nidlikins that will turn to a better account than all the Knotting in Chriſtendom, I'll tell you that.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha, is that the uſe you'll put a Ladies hand to? Now one of our Town-Beaux wou'd have been ſo troubleſom on this occaſion, that he'd have been imprinting Kiſſes upon 'em for one half hour at the leaſt, and have had a thouſand idle Romantic Expreſſions upon every Finger.

Ped. Shea, Shea, thoſe Town-Beaux, as you call 'em, are all Fools, they have no Guts in their Brains, as a Man may ſay, not a grain of the true Quiddity of Sence.—— Were I Mun to prove a *Vacuum*, I'd look for't in the Skull of a Town-Beau, ſooner than in any place of the World beſide, that I wou'd, he, he, e.

Luc. Ha, ha, a, I vow you are very Smart Mr. *Pedanty*.

Ped. Phoo Pox! if I pleaſe, I can be very Satyrical; they call me at *Oxford Cob. Redivivus*, 'Dad I do ſo Cob the old Dons, the Heads of Houſes, with Lampoons, that they dread me more than a Viſitation.

Luc.

Luc. Don't your Genius lead you to Ode and Elegy?

Ped. I have done very pretty things that way too; but for Anagrams, Acroſticks, and Extempore Diſtichs, *Ben. Johnſon* was a Fool to me: E'gad I'll turn my back to no-body, you ſhall hear me now about you *Lucinda.*

You, Fair Lucinda, *are ſo very bright,*
T'eclipſe the Sun, in height of Noon-day light.

He, he, e, Come along Forſooth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſh *and* Burgerſditius, *pulling* Fidgett *by each Arm.*

Caſh. Mrs. *Fidgett*, I ſay will you go along with me, or not? S'death muſt you pin your ſelf upon every Fools Sleeve?

Bur. Nay, look you Sir, if you uſe Scurrilous Language, and reflect upon my Intellects, I cannot avoid returning Fool in the very Teeth of you, de'e hear Sir?

Fid. Mr. *Caſh*, 'tis my Lady's Orders that I ſhou'd attend Mr. *Burgerſditius* here, and pay him the Civility of the Houſe in Perſon.

Caſh. In Perſon, What does that oblige you to pay him the Civility of your Humh? S'death! Did not I peep through the Key-hole of the Confectionary juſt now, and ſee ſtrange matters in Agitation? and had not I knock'd when I did, I know who wou'd?——Humh!

Fid. Oh Gemini! Bliſters upon thy Tongue, thou vile perjur'd Wretch.

Bur. I ſay Sir, you are old Satan's Inſtrument of Slander, and you have rais'd a Commotion in this Breaſt of mine, that will not be appeas'd, till I have ſwingingly chaſtiz'd your natural Capacity.

Caſh. You Chaſtize my natural Capacity, you old He-goat in grain! that wou'd be fine work indeed; if thou'rt for that Sport, take that Fillup upon the very tip of the Noſe of thee.

Bur. Then thou'rt the Aggreſſor, my Quarrel is righteous, and 'tis time to avenge my ſelf; have at thee thou obnoxious Miſcreant.

Enter Sir G. Grumble, *as from his Counting-houſe with his Spectacles on, and beats them both off the Stage.*

Sir *G.* Ye Dogs, you Rogues, ye Villains, ſhall I never have a Moments reſt in my own Houſe?—— I warrant they were both Drunk, and at my Coſt two, ah bleſs me! how my Family is manag'd? at this rate I ſhall be undone, I ſhall be undone, and that will be the end on't.

(*Retires, and the Scene ſhuts upon him.*)

Scene changes to the Garden-wall.

Enter Bellardin *and* Lovebright, *with Cloaks and Vizards, Chairmen with a Chair,* Jaſper *at a diſtance.*

Bell. Here *Chair-men*, go in there and ask for Mr. *Pedanty*, and tell him

him that there is a Fellow-Collegian of his at the back-door, that cannot possibly come in, and must of necessity speak with him; and what's to be done afterwards, you have my directions already.

Chair. Very well Sir.

Bell. Come, now let's take our Posts. (*They plant themselves on each side the Garden-door.*)

Enter Pedanty.

Ped. Who's that? *Jack Dinny*, Why wou'd'st not come in my Lad?

(*They seize* Pedanty, *and force him into the Chair, who offers to cry out.*)

Lov. S'death! if you make the least noise, my Sword shall be stuck into the Heart of you; therefore as you value your Life, go quietly into the Chair. (*As they carry him off he squeaks softly.*)

Bell. Either be silent, you young Shatter-brains, or I'll discharge a Blunderbuss into the Chair I'll promise you.——Here *Jasper*, take our Cloaks, and follow the Chair, and see done what I have order'd.

Jas. What? the Gentleman's to be Murder'd, very well Sir, How wou'd you please to have it done? Must he die by the Sword, Knife, Spit, or Fire-arms? Or must he have a Spic'd Caudle before he goes to Bed, to incline him to rest? Or what think you, when he's fast a-sleep, if I stop his Breath with a Pillow, that when he wakes in the Morning, he may find himself as cold as a Stone, and as stiff as a Stake, and not know who has hurt him?

Bell. Sirrah hold your Impertinence, the People in the House where he's carry'd, know what to do, go follow, I say.

Jas. Indeed Master *Bellardin*, if we follow these Courses, I fear 'twill be said e're long, there goes two as handsom Gentlemen as ever went by this place.

Bell. Sirrah be gone. (*Kicks him.*)

Jas. I fly, I fly Sir. [*Exit.*

Bell. Now *Lovebright*, What are we the better for this? What must be done next?

Lov. Why Faith we must e'en trust to Fate, at the least here's time gain'd, which is a main Point in all well-manag'd Actions.

Bell. Come, let's go see what Countenance she wears upon his being miss'd.

Thus Warriors bear a long and painful Toil,
In hopes to reap the rich and glorious Spoil. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Room in the Houſe.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Formoſa.

For. WHAT do'ſt think, *Lucinda*, can become of the young *Oxonian*, that doughty Lover of yours? They ſay a Chairman came and call'd him out, and he hath not been ſeen or heard of ſince; he went without either Hat, Sword, or Gloves.

Luc. I cannot imagine, without ſome of the bleſſed Doxies of the Neighbourhood, have privately had an account of his Lading, and ſo have ſeiz'd the Cargo for their own uſe.

For. Uſe! What Uſe can any one put him to? For my part, had I the diſpoſing of him, *I* ſhou'd e'en couple him to Pug, and chain him to the Table-frame; and on my Conſcience *I* ſhou'd not be unjuſt to him in it; for in that *I* ſhou'd provide him a Companion more reaſonable than himſelf.

Luc. Pray *Formoſa* don't ſpeak ſo diſ-reſpectfully of him that is to be my better half.

For. You may ſay what you will, but *I* can never believe you deſign to ſhare your ſelf with ſuch a Booby; ſhou'd you that ſlighted ſo many Perſons of Merit, take up with this Noddy, 'twill make the World cenſure, that you make uſe of a Husband only as a Property.

Luc. See yonder is the two young Rakes, my Uncle *Bevil*'s Companions, making up to us; they Sail as if they were coming to lay us on board.

For. For my part I'll ſtrike to mine, and receive him as a Friend; indeed he's too pretty to be thought an Enemy.

Luc. And for my part, I'd ſooner blow my ſelf up, than yield to mine: I ſaw him Drunk not long ſince, and now *I* muſt have the naſty ſow'r Reverſion of his Wine whift in my Face, Foh? methinks *I* ſmell him already.

Enter Braſsby *and* Flaſh.

Braſs. *and* Flaſh. *Servant Ladies.* (Flaſh *and* For. *retire a little.*)

Braſs. I am come Madam, to try what Temper your Ladiſhip is in at preſent; whether any kinder Star has influenc'd you ſince my laſt Addreſſes.

Luc. That Star wou'd ſcarce deſerve to keep its Station in the Heavens, that ſhou'd incline me to ſo great a Folly, as to give any Encouragement to you Sir.

Bra. Then that Star may walk off if ſhe pleaſes; and you fine Aerial Lady, had beſt take Wing and mount, and fix your ſelf in her room; for I find you are not of a Terreſtial Conſtitution.——Were Fleſh and Blood any part about you, you'd be more complying.

Luc. What! to ſuch an Object as you preſent me with? ha, ha, ha.

Bra. S'death ſhe always laughs at me, certainly my Perſon don't deſerve this uſage. (*They retire, and* Flaſh *and* For. *advance*)

Flaſh. I am oblig'd to you, Madam, for your favorable Opinion of me, but methinks I wou'd have you come cloſer to the Point, and give me ſome aſſurance of Succeſs in my Applications to your Ladiſhip.

For. If you preſs upon the Have and Hold Point, I ſcarce believe you in earneſt; you can be never ſettl'd enough for ſo weighty a Concern, as where thoſe terrible words of, *Till Death us do part*, are included.

Flaſh. Oonz! Can any words be terrible to a Soldier? Did Death it ſelf in a thouſand ghaſtly ſhapes interpoſe, yet one kind look from you ſhou'd make me ruſh thro' the midſt of 'em unconcern'd.

For. 'Tis unexperience that makes you ſo raſh.

Flaſh. And 'twou'd be baſe Cowardice to be otherwiſe.

Enter Lady Grumble *and* Fidget.

L. *G.* Bleſs me *Lucinda!* What do'ſt thou think can become of my Son?——Ah good Gad! there's my dear pretty Angel again; methinks I have ſuch a ſhudd'ring all over me every time I ſee him. (*aſide.*) Pray *Lucinda* did *Peddy* ſeem diſturb'd at any thing, was he Chagrin?

Luc. Not at all Madam, but very pleaſant.

For. No doubt Madam, ſome Fellow-Student of his has got him out.

L. *G.* It may be ſo indeed; I'll go ſend about to all the Neighboring Taverns.——*Fidget*, hearken you a word in your Ear; when *I* am gone out, do you whiſper Mr. *Flaſh*, and tell him I can give him his anſwer; let me ſee,——Where is Sir *George* now?

Fid. He is a-ſleep Madam, in his Chair in the Counting houſe.

L. *G.* Well, then tell him privately I can give him my anſwer in the Room at the end of the Gallery.

Fid. Very good Madam, it ſhall be done with what Diligence and Secreſie is becoming my Place and Function.——And I muſt go give Mr. *Caſh* my anſwer too in ſome Room or other, or he'll certainly make a noiſe about that unlucky buſineſs in the Confectionary.

L. *G.* Gentlemen, I hope I do not ſpoil Company, you are ſo mute ſince I made my Approachment.

Flaſh. and *Braſs.* Pardon us Madam.

L.G. Come *Lucy*, Pray let us go uſe our Endeavours to find out your loſt Lover; Gentlemen, I am your very Obedient——

Luc. Madam, we'll wait on your Ladiſhip.

For. On my Conſcience the loſs wou'd not be very great, were he never to be retriev'd again. (*Aſide.*) [*Exeunt* L.G. Luc. *and* For. Fidg. *whiſpers* Flaſh, *and Exit.*

Bra. What *Flaſh* are you Summon'd to Execution, you receive the Meſſage with ſuch a hanging look?

Flaſh. Thou'd'ſt half hang thy ſelf for a Meſſage of the ſame nature; but I think *Braſsby* thou'rt ſeldom troubl'd with Meſſages upon any Womans account, unleſs thoſe ſent from a Veſtry by a Pariſh-Beadle.

Enter Bevis.

Bev. Hey——ho; now for a Bottle of *Lambeth-Ale* to whiz down my Throat, and qualifie the Heat of my Liver.——Ye young Dogs I'll have a ſtroke with you, before I go to Bed yet, that I will: What the Devil makes me fail at this rate?

Flaſh. 'Tis Age, Age Sir.

Bra. Why Faith 'tis pitty that poor *Bevis* ſhou'd flag thus in his Ability.

Bev. By the belly of *Bacchus* I'm ſorry I am not able to keep pace with my Inclinations:——But what's wanting in Performance, ſhall be made up in Deſires; ſo that my dear young Dogs in Will I'll be as leud as the beſt of you.

Bra. and *Flaſh.* Thou Boy *Bevis.*

Bev. My Lads and lovely Pupils, fail not to read Night and Morning that Heroick Canticle of my Lord *Rocheſter's.*

As ſome Old Admiral, &c.

Ah noble *Rocheſter!* thoſe glorious words deſerve to be ſtamp't in Characters upon beaten Gold.

Flaſh. Gentlemen, I muſt leave you for a quarter of an hour, and then I'll return, and deſire Mr. *Bevis* to renew his worthy and edifying Lecture.

Bev. I gueſs your buſineſs you young Whoring Dog you; but get thee gone, be diſcreet, and mind the main Chance; and take thy ſwinge Boy.

Flash. Don't queſtion but I ſhall ſoon find you out again, and then we'll go and enjoy our ſelves over a Bottle, and Laugh at every body's Folly but our own, Adieu. [*Exit.*

Enter Secreta.

Sec. So Mr. *Bevis*, I am very glad to find you ſo Sober again, the Plot that I have laid is juſt ready to be put in execution, and I don't queſtion but you ſhall find it work Wonders in the Family.

Bev. Nay I am ſatisfi'd, if any thing under the Power of the Devil can do it, thou can'ſt; here's honeſt *Brafby* will be an aſſiſtant to us.

Sec. Come along then, let's about it ſtrait. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Link-boy.

Link. Light, Light.

Enter Jaſper *Drunk.*

Jaſ. Here, here, you Son of a Biſh, come heder you Dog.

Link. God bleſs you Maſter, ſhall I light your Honour Sir?

Jaſ. Yes you Dam Dog, you ſhall light me Honor Sir.

Link. Where do's your Honour pleaſe to go Sir?

Jaſ. Go Sir, call one Share you Dog, Morblieu me go Shocolate-houſe, me vill go laugh at de dam'd Son a Biſh de Beaux.——Allonz Diable, Vouz en port.

Link. Chair, Chair, Chair. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pedanty *above at a Window.*

Ped. O Tempora! O Mores! What will become of poor *Pedanty*? What curſed Planet was *I* born under? to be thus ſtole away from my ſelf, and lock't up here in the dark, where a thouſand to one before Morning I ſhall be Carbonado'd, and then broil'd upon a Gridiron for a Heretic; for 'tis certainly ſome Plot of the Bloody-minded Jeſuits,—if they wou'd but come and ſpeak to me 'twere ſomething; Plague, I'd ſoon ſatisfie 'em that a young *Oxford* Scholar ſcorns to be of any Religion.——Bleſs me! here's a Rope; this was certainly left to ſee how far Satan cou'd prevail with me; but E'gad I'll try to make my Eſcape with it, how far 'tis to the Ground God knows, however I'll venture.——E'gad I'm got into the Street, and Faith I'll run for't.

(*Runs off.*)

Scene

Scene changes to a Room in the Houſe; a Table with Bottles and Glaſſes.

Enter Caſh, Burgerſditius, Fidgett *and* Biddy.

Fid. Come Gentlemen, *I* am glad you are Reconcil'd again.

Caſh. *I* am ſatisfi'd *I* was under a Miſtake, and *I* beg Mr. *Burgerſditius*'s Pardon with all my heart.

Bur. As *I* before, Sir, exerciſed my Fiſts, and gave you a taſte of my Magnanimity, ſo will *I* now exerciſe my Compaſſion, and give you a taſte of my Charity.

Fid. Come Gentlemen, let's ſit down and be Merry a little, here's my kind Reſpects to both of you moſt Cordially.

Caſh. Mr. *Burgerſditius* my Service to you, and *I* am Friends with you heartily.

Bur. Here young Miſtreſs, here's an humble Tender of the profound Reſpects which by all Moods and Figures, is Categorically due to your Juvenile Formoſity, from the very Profundity of the Intrails of your devoted Vaſſal *Burgerſditius*, Hem, hem.

Bid. *I* thank you Sir, methinks *I'd* fain ſee *Oxford*, where all this fine Language grows.

Bur. Indeed Forſooth, if ever *I* ſee you there, you ſhall drink Sack out of the Founder's Bowl, *I'll* promiſe you.

Bid. When Mr. *Pedanty* has Marry'd my Miſtreſs, he'll take us all down to be ſure.

Bur. When you come there, I'll ſhew you my Study Forſooth; where if you ha'n't a Gown match'd to your Petticoat, I am much miſtaken; I'll ſhew you there a Sett of the prettieſt Dutch Cuts, I pin one ev'ry night to my Curtain to recreate my Fancy with, after a hard days Study; which operates by ſight as well as a Doſe of *Cantharides*.

Caſh. Come Mr. *Burgerſditius*, will you pledge me here too?

(*Kiſſes* Fidgett.)

Bur. That I will moſt devoutly. (*Kiſſes* Biddy.)

Bid. Oh, Pray what do you do? Can't you ſit ſtill and be quiet, Lord you do ſo ruffle me.

Fid. Come, ſince we have a little time to be Merry, let's call *Cicely* the Cook-maid, and make her ſing us her new Ballad,——yonder ſhe is I vow; Come *Sis*, prithee ſing that Ballad you ſung to *John* the Coach-man this Morning in the Pantry.

Caſh. Here Child drink firſt, and wet thy Whiſtle.

Cicely *Sings.*

BALLAD.

I.

There lately was a Maiden Fair,
With ruddy Cheeks, and Nut-brown Hair;
Who up to Town did trudge Sir.
This pretty Maid, whose Name was Kate,
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
As you anon shall judge Sir.

II.

A little e're it did grow Dark,
She needs must walk unto the Park,
The Gentry for to see Sir:
Where soon she met a Foot-man Gay,
Who stop'd her short, and made her stay
To sit down under Tree Sir.

III.

This Foot-man swore he was a Lord,
Which made poor Kitty *soon accord,*
And grant him his full Will Sir.
She Kiss't his Lordship o're and o're,
And open'd all her Country Store,
And let him take his Fill Sir.

IV.

But when she heard one call out John,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gon,
To trot before a Chair Sir.
He left this Damsel all alone,
To Sigh, and Sob, and make great Moan,
And sheed full many a Tear Sir.

V.

Quoth she, if these be London *Tricks,*
God send me down amongst my Dicks,
That live on Dunsmore-Heath *Sir.*
If ever I come here again,
Or e're believe one Man in ten,
May the Dee'l come stop my Breath Sir.

Three great Knocks, and three Groans as within: Sir George Grumble *ranning as from his Counting-house, crying, the Devil, the Devil, being follow'd by* Secreta *in a frightful Dress; the Company rising hastily, fling down the Table and Chairs, and run off squeaking, crying, the Devil, the Devil.*

Enter Bevis, Secreta *and* Brassby. (Secreta *Unmasks.*)

Sec. Come Mr. *Bevis*, Mr. *Brassby*, the Treasure is now at our mercy.

Bev. E'gad then we'll fall to Plunder.

Sec. Indeed you must not, not one Penny of the Money must be touch'd, my measures lye otherwise, and I must not break them.

Bev. Oonz! won't you give me leave to rifle now the Bags lye in view?

Sec. No Sir, by no means, not a Penny.

Bev. Prithee let me fill my Fob only; S'bud you have help't to empty it many a time, sure you won't deny me that.

Sec. Indeed I must.

Bra. Prithee *Bevis* be satisfi'd, and let her have her way, no doubt she has reason for't.

Sec. Pray be rul'd by me, the Money being left safe, will take off any Suspicion of a Trick; let's only carry off the Bonds and Writings, burn some Paper there, and leave the smell of Brimstone behind us; what's to be done farther, I'll tell you anon. *Exeunt*

Enter Bellardin *and* Lovebright.

Lov. This is a strange distracted Family, there's, I know not how many of them confidently affirm, they saw the Devil just now.

Bell. I heard the noise, but I saw nothing; but I believe it was the Devil, and 'twas he no doubt that brought *Pedanty* back, for I can't imagine else how he cou'd escape, What must be done now?

Lov. Nay, now I vow I am at a loss; for *Formosa* just now told me, that my Lady believ'd the conveying Mr. *Pedanty* away, to be a Contrivance to prevent the Match; and that therefore she resolv'd this night, to have the Rital Ceremonies perform'd before she slept.—— But as to my own Concerns, she gave me a more favorable answer than ever; and told me, I might expect to be Happy that day you shou'd arrive from *Flanders:* Now whether she spoke Equivocally, meaning in the Enjoyment of my Friend again, or in the possessing of her Person, that's to be doubted.

Bell. I vow *Lovebright*, 'twere my best way privately to withdraw, and get beyond Sea again, and pursue my Travels, for 'twill be ten thousand times worse than Death, to see the Charming Mischief lye melting in anothers arms;—— nay, in the army of a young College-

Cub,

Cub, whom the world has not yet lick'd into the ſhape of Animal.

Lov. Nay, *Bellardin*, we'll not faintly quit the buſineſs: but ſtruggle with fate even to the laſt moment, before the Prieſt perform the function of his Office.

Bell. Ah my friend! ſhou'd I ſtay till then, I ſhall at that very moment commit a Sacrilegious murder, and cut the Rogue's canting Throat, to prevent his uttering the fatal words.

Lov. Come along, I think I have ſome int'reſt with *Biddy*, let's go ſee what account ſhe gives.

Bell. Lead on, and let me reſt upon thy ſhoulder, ſince my ſouls diſtraction ſcarce leaves me power to direct my own ſteps. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, Formoſa, *and* Biddy.

Luc. Biddy, have you obſerv'd my orders, and got every thing in readineſs?

Bid. Yes Madam, every thing is punctually done, as you directed.

For. Ah *Lucinda!* this is a pure Stratagem of thine, I proteſt I am ſo pleas'd with the contrivance, that I ſcarce feel the ground I tread on: I long to be about it; well certainly a woman's Genius prompted by Love, is the ſubtleſt part of the Creation.

Luc. Your readineſs dear *Formoſa* in complying with me, ſhall ever meet with a ſuitable return of Gratitude.

For. Had I no ſhare in the concern, yet however the acts of friendſhip will require no acknowledgments, the ſatisfaction of doing them, are in themſelves a ſufficient reward.

Luc. Thou haſt my Dear a true Notion of Friendſhip; a principle ſcarce known in our Age, where falſe feigning pretences are look'd upon as good breeding, and ſelf int'reſt the greateſt mark of diſcretion.

For. The truth on't is there is but very little reality practis'd amongſt us.

Luc. We are, I believe, in this Age ſo far degenerated from our Anceſtors, that the laſt Century would bluſh to own us their Progeny; Scandal now reigns bare fac'd, and whatever appears of virtue, and modeſty, is in danger of being Ridicul'd amongſt us, as an unbecoming abſurdity.

For. What therefore belongs to us, is not to comply with the cuſtoms of the age, and by that means we ſhall not be anſwerable for its defects.

Luc. Well *Formoſa*, let's comfort our ſelves in this, that if there be two men in the Kingdom, deſerving the embraces of virtuous Women, we've pitch'd upon 'em for our ſelves,——and ſince every thing is ready to put our Plot in execution, let's about it ſtrait.

For. With all my heart, my dear *Lucinda*, I am wholly at thy Devotion. *Exeunt.* *Enter*

Enter Sir George Grumble, *Lady* Grumble, Cash, *and* Fidget.

Sir *G.* Oh mercy Heaven! what will become of me?

L. *G.* Indeed Sir *George*, the thing is wond'rous strange; no doubt some barbarous Murther has bee committed in this House, that occasions this disturbance.

Sir *G.* Ah no, no Spouse, I am the worse then, barbarous Murd'rer, my Conscience flies in my Face, and tells me so; its my barbarous Actions that have occasion'd this, — In the first place, I was chiefly concern'd in that damn'd wicked Orphans business, and have ever since dealt very wickedly, —Cheated the King of his Customs, ——— Rookt young Heirs of their Estates, ——— Extorted double Interest from the Poor, ——— Have made a Prey of People's Necessities, — was very Instrumental in Clipping the Old Coin, and have since taken Twenty *per Cent.* for the New: In short, the old Gentleman in black, is coming to make up his Accounts with me.

Cash. Gad, and the Devil had need be a very excellent Arithmatician, and look very sharply about him too, or else you'll go nigh to Cheat him in his Accounts, I can tell him that. [*Aside.*

L. *G.* Come Sir *George*, e'en stand your Ground, and defie him, if he is but a Devil of any Breeding or Quality, let me alone with him; however, we'll get *Burgersdicius*, my Sons Tutor, to sit up to Night; and no doubt if any thing does appear, he can lay it.

Eid. And if your Ladyship please, I'll sit up along with him, and if any Spirit do arise, I'll do what I can to help him to lay it.

Cash. I know thou art a Girl of wond'rous Parts; but what thou can'st do with a Spirit I can't tell. [*Aside.*

L. *G. Fidget*, go and desire *Roddy*, and his Tutor to come hither, go quickly, Lord! how you stir? I have such stupid Attendance; I'm sure I will find out Servants, that shall watch the motions of my Eyes, and perform my Commands by my Looks, as Quality ought to be serv'd; Is it fit I should spend my breath upon Slaves. Ha! — What think'st thou *Georgee* of a little more of my Cordials? — Well, and you say, *Georgee*, I shall have that piece of Grotesque Gold Brocade, to make a Canopy to hang over my Toilet. What say you, *Georgee*?

Sir *G.* Oh Lord! O Lord! here's the Devil come for us, and thou talk'st of sitting under a Canopy at thy Toilet! —— Was there ever such Pride out of Hell?

L. *G.* Come prithee hold thy peace, and comfort thy self with some of my Elixir.

Sir *G.* Lixir, quoth a! Ah I much fear the next Liquor that I must lap on will be a sort of Snap-Dragon; and how burnt Brimstone will down with me I can't imagine. Ah! what will become of me?

Cash. I have been in the Counting-House, Sir, and there's all the Bags safe, not one meddl'd withal, but all the Bonds and Mortgages are burnt, and there's a great smell of Brimstone.

Enter Pedanty, Burgerſiditius, *and* Fidget.

Sir *G.* Ah demonſtration, demonſtration! If the effects of Fraud and Rapine be ſo ſerv'd already, what will become of me, the chief Inſtrument of ſuch baſe Proceedings? no doubt I too ſhall (ere long) be burnt to a Coal, to Aſhes, to Aſhes.—Well *Caſh*! I'll go lye me down, and, if I have not quite forgot, I'll try to Pray: Do you go and muſter me up a ſcore of Parſons, and plant them all round my Bed.

Caſh. Gad, Sir, 'twill be a difficult thing to find a quarter of a ſcore in the Nation, that old Mr. *Nicholas* han't already a pretty ſure Correſpondence withal.

Sir *G.* Oons! cou'd not the Fool of a Devil have ſtaid my own time, and let me have jogg'd on gently to him my accuſtom'd pace; but he muſt come to hurry me away ſo abruptly, ſo unmannerly: Gad mend me, I could find in my Heart to bob him, and lock my ſelf up in a Church,—(*Starts.*) Oh! What's that? What's that?

Caſh. Nothing at all but the Dog went by Sir.

Sir *G.* Come *Caſh*, lead me to my Bed, and then tye a Napkin about my Eyes; for I dare no longer look about me.——Oons, my Bonds burnt! my Bonds burnt! Oh! I'm ruin'd to all Eternity. [Caſh *leads off Sir* George.

L. *G.* Well, Child, to prevent any further attempt upon thee, I am reſolv'd thou ſhalt marry *Lucinda* this moment; the Parſon's ready, and ſhe conſenting, why therefore ſhou'd we not conſummate the Affair?

Ped. Troth Mother, I had rather you wou'd let it alone till to morrow, if you think fit,——this plaguy fright has a little abated my Manhood; and to tell you the truth, I'm afraid I been't ſweet, you underſtand me Mother, don't you.

L. *G.* Prithee hold thy Peace, we'll have all thoſe things amended.

Ped. Nay, if you will have it ſo, it ſhall be ſo, and there's an end on't.

L. *G.* Mr. *Burgerſiditius*, we muſt get you to ſit up to Night, no doubt you are Scholar enough to deal with any Evil thing.——*Fidget* ſays ſhe'll bear you Company.

Bur. Nay, then we will defie him and all his Works.

Enter Biddy *with a Letter.*

Bid. Madam, my Miſtreſs, and Madam *Formoſa* are gone, and left me Orders to deliver your Ladyſhip this Letter.

L. *G.* How! gone? what does the Girl mean? Let me ſee the Letter? (Reads.)

Madam,

FInding your Ladyſhips Reſolution to match me where I had no Inclination, a due regard to my future Felicity has oblig'd me to diſpoſe of my ſelf otherwiſe: Formoſa, and I, are both gone to give them poſſeſſion of our Hearts, who have been long Maſters of our Affections. I hope the Gentlemen, when known to you, may procure your Pardon, and in ſome meaſure juſtifie the Conduct of

Lucinda.

Oh

Oh you Powers above! here's fine doings, why *Fidget*, run, run, I say, bid *Richard* run, bid *John* run, bid *Robert* run, bid every body run; What need I tell you any more? run I say, [*Exit* Fidget] and don't put me to the trouble of speaking; Why, was there ever such a graceless young Coquet breathing?—— Why *Peddy*, thy Mistress is run away.

Ped. Why, what need you be in such a fret Mother, if she be run away, a merry Wind go with her; I care as little for her, as she for me; and so hey for Commons, and old *Coll* again.

L. *G.* I'll have her again, if I bring her in a Whirlwind; for I'm resolv'd I'll set all the Conjurers in the Kingdom at work. Come, let's go see what we can do. [*Exeunt* L. G. Bur. Ped. *and* Fidg.

Bid. Nay, since they are gone with intent to dispose of themselves, 'twill be a difficult thing for all the Devils in *Lapland* to put a stop to their Career. When young Ladies set themselves once a Manning, they are not to be balkt on easie terms.

Women will move, where Inclinations sway,
What humane Force can stop a Lover's way? [*Exit.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Room in the House.*

Enter Bellardin *and* Lovebright.

Bell. WHat can be the meaning of this suddain flight of the Ladies?

Lov. No doubt *Lucinda's* dislike of the Match with *Pedanty* was the occasion of it: But to what place they have directed their course, or how they design to dispose of themselves, I cannot so much as guess at it.

Bell. Now methinks I find my self more miserable than ever—— I was something more satisfied, when I had a sure prospect of my Ruin; than now, when my thoughts are confounded with suspence, and lost in the puzling labyrinth of uncertainty.

Lov. Come *Bellardin*, 'tis unmanly to be thus dejected.

Bell. And 'tis you'd be brutish were I not sensible of the pangs of a despairing Lover,—— 'tis now I even envy the noble Fate of the constant Turtle, who, when he has lost his charming Mate, perch'd within the gloomy Branches of the baneful Yew, sits and Cooes himself to Death.

Lov. I am no less sensible, my deareſt *Bellardin*, of the force of Passion, than your self, but am resolv'd not to perish in silence,—let's go, and use all endeavours to find them out, and so share a happy Fate in redeeming the lovely Prizes we at this time seem to have lost, perhaps they have sent an account, let's go make enquiry.

Bell. I cannot but admire thy active Generosity, wherein thou seem'st as much interes's'd on my behalf, as for thy self.

Lov. 'Tis but what the sacred Bonds of Friendship require, come let's along. [*Exeunt.*

[*As* Biddy's *walking cross the Stage,* Pedanty *runs and lays hold of her.*

Ped. Ha! Mrs. *Biddy* have I caught you! come Faith yon shall——

Bid. Indeed, Sir, I can't tell where she's gone, not I, upon my Virginity.

Ped. Plague, what care I where she's gone, may she have a long Lane and ne'er a turning say I;——Gad, I say the Maid is prettier than the Mistress, and I'll prove it by a Sillogism in *Baralipton*,——come prithee stay and hear me.

Bid. Indeed I can't stay, I must go look after my Mistress.

Ped. Indeed you shall stay forsooth, you little bewitching Devil you, egad I must do something with you before I part, I can tell you that.

Bid. O dear! you do so pull me, and haul me, I can't bear you.

Ped. Bear me! I warrant thou art able to bear an Elephant, had he but Knees and Elbows to rest upon. Thou shalt hear me sing the Song that I made upon my Laundress at *Oxford.* (Sings.)

1.

Fine Laundry Nell,
Has got a Spell,
To Charm the Ars Magister;
She does protest,
By the very best,
A Baccaulaur *ne'er kist her.*

2.

Od's heart, quoth I,
Then thou shalt try,
The Mettle of a Fresh-man;
So fell to work,
Like any Turk,
And scorn'd her fie and pish Man.

3.

When I was eas'd,
She was so pleas'd,
She swore by the Beards of Doctors;
That with such Art,
I play'd my part,
I outdid both the Proctors.

He, he, e, how dost like it *Biddy*?

Bid. Oh dear, Sir, how can I choose but like it, since 'tis yours Sir.

Ped. Nay, then if thou art inclin'd to like what's mine, I'll promise thee thou shalt have more of me before I have done; and I don't question but thou wilt have the same Opinion of me as *Nell* the Laundress had.

Bid. Good Sir be quiet, and don't rumple my things at this rate; what do you think my Lady will say if she knew this?

Ped.

Ped. What care I, what all the Ladies in the Kingdom ſay, when I am ſet on, I will have my Will, ſo I will. [*Tumbles her.*

Enter Lady Grumble, Burgerſditius, *and* Fidget.

L. *G Fidget* Heavens! See what *Peddy*'s a doing? why *Peddy*, why *Peddy*, I ſay — in the name of Quality what do you mean, do you conſider whoſe Offspring you are Child? art thou not aſham'd to undigniſie thy ſelf at this rate? — And you forſooth, why wou'd you ſuffer all this, you young Harlotry you? do you think 'tis proper for the Son of a Lady of Quality to meddle with a paultry *Abigail*, you little Drab you?

Bid. Indeed, Madam, I ſtruggl'd and ſtruggl'd, and did what I cou'd to get away, and if your Ladyſhip hadn't come juſt as you did, I was a going to cry out; Indeed I was. [*runs off.*

Fid. Ay very like ſo, as loud I believe as I did in the confectionary to day.

Bur. I can peremptorily averr, forſooth, that Mr. *Pedanty*'s caſe does allow of ſubſtantial Arguments to extenuate his Crime, as thus forſooth; — All Expectation raiſes Inclination, and nothing can abate a ſtrong Inclination, but Poſſeſſion. Do you mind me? Now 'twas the Expectation of Mrs. *Lucinda* that rais'd this Inclination in Mr. *Pedanty*; and *Lucinda* being fled, why ought not Mr. *Pedanty* to take Poſſeſſion where he can? or conſequently he might have liv'd in the conſtant torment of a ſtiff Expectation.

Fidg. Not if he had appli'd himſelf to me, I promiſe him. [*aſide.*

L. *G.* Nay, ſomething may be ſaid for it truly; but *Peddy* don't deſpair Child, thou can'ſt Jointure Quality, and Quality thou ſhalt have, and ſo beget Quality to Inherit thy Mother's moſt Court-like Accompliſhments.

Enter at a diſtance Bellardin, *and* Lovebright.

Bell. Lovebright, let us place our ſelves here a little, that we may unobſerv'd hear the news of the Family, perhaps we may diſcover ſomething of *Lucinda*.

Enter Bevis *and* Secreta *Diſguis'd and Veil'd.*

Bev. I have, Madam, as Brotherly Affections engag'd me, been uſing all my endeavours to eaſe Sir *George*, and your Ladyſhips preſent Diſturbances: And have at laſt met with a cunning Woman here, that ſays ſhe'll engage to regain the loſt Ladies, and help my Brother to his Writings again, and fully ſettle the Diſturbances of the Family; ſo that for the future every body may ſleep as ſound as I do, when I have got a Gallon of Red in my Guts.

L. *G.* Mr. *Bevis* I'll ſend for Sir *George*. *Fidget*, go and deſire Sir *George* to repair hither immediately. [*Exit* Fidget.

Ped. Hark you, old Gentlewoman, do you ſay you can fetch *Lucinda* back?

Sec. I can.

E're the Moon far *Weſt* is run,
Lucinda ſhall be come and gone.

Ped. [illegible] this looks like Oracle; for I believe no body can underſtand it.

Enter

Enter Sir George, a Napkin ty'd about his Eyes, lead by Cash *and* Fidget.

Sir *G.* Oh pray ſet me down, for my trembling Limbs can no longer ſupport this damn'd Rapacious Barking Carkaſs of mine ——Oh!

Bev. Come Brother, pray Brother, Sir *George* be comforted, for here I have brought a Woman famous in the Caballiſtical Science, who ſays, ſhe'll undertake to eſtabliſh a laſting Content in your Breaſt, and reſtore your Writings.

Sir *G.* Ah Brother! Is not that asking the Devil how I muſt avoid himſelf.

Bev. No, no, Brother, for ſhe ſays it muſt be effected by good Deeds, were ſhe then of Hell's Cabal, ſhe'd broach a Doctrine againſt her ſelf.

Sec. Hear me, thou mighty Man of Pelf,
Speak what you'll do to ſave your ſelf,
With what good Deeds will you Atone,
For all the Evils you have done?
And whatſoe'er is ſaid by you,
Look that you mean it well and true.

Sir *G.* Then hear me Heavens, I will in the firſt place erect an Hoſpital, and endow it richly; and then, for a Sea-mark to others, I will publiſh my Life, with all my Trading Cheats; I will ſend forthwith to have my Son *Bellardin* return, ſettle my Eſtate upon him, reſerving to my ſelf only a moderate competency.

Bev. I hope you'll remember me, Brother, for you know my Allowance is very ſmall.

Sir *G.* Brother, on condition you'll reclaim, leave your wild courſe of Living, I will treble your Annuity, and pay all your Debts.

Bev. Why Faith, I think I may promiſe this on ſafe Grounds; for the truth on't is, Age comes ſo faſt upon me, that I have not the power to act lewdly much longer.

Sec. Put Finger in this Miſtick Key,
And ſwear you'll do what now you ſay.

Sir *G.* I ſwear I will, hear me you Powers above.

Sec. Then ope your Eyes, and you ſhall ſee,
That here all ſafe your Writings be.

[*They unbind his Eyes, and reſtore his Writings.*

Sir *G.* Well! I find already ſo great ſatisfaction in the reſolution I have taken, that I can ſay there are but two things that do now very much concern me,——the firſt is, my Dear, a diſſatisfaction of your vain (which you call a Court way of Living)——and the next is to be throughly ſatisfied by what true means theſe Writings were then taken away, and now reſtor'd.

L. *G.* As for the firſt, Sir *George*, I ſee ſo great an alteration in you; ſo ſweet a ſerene Look upon that Countenance that was always heretofore clouded with diſcontent, and diſtorted with Paſſion, that I find my ſelf (no doubt by the direction of ſome good *Genius* already capable to engage to you, by a Sacred Promiſe, that I will for the future live your moſt obedient dutiful Wife, in the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue and Moderation.

Fid. Well, this is the only thing that I ever grudg[ed] Lady in, for I never heard that a crackt Lady's Woman grew [rich] [*Aſide.*

Bev.

Bev. As for the other matter, I may now venture to disclose it; pray *Secreta* appear in your proper shape, this was her contrivance to augment my Annuity, and for the good this Project has already wrought, I'll spare her one third of my Income. [Secreta *unveils.*

Omnes. Secreta!

Sir *G.* Well Brother, I'm satisfi'd, and tho' it was a Trick, the content it has already gain'd me, shall make me double what you promise.

Sec. Then to make a Chorus in this Reformation, I'll lay aside my Box of Essences, never more carry about the bewitching Billet-doux, or ever whisper lewd soft Messages into Female Ear again.

Sir *G.* Oh that now my Son *Bellardin* were return'd! poor *Bellardin*, to whom I barbarously refus'd a Settlement, to make him an equal Match for *Lucinda*, and most unnaturally have deny'd him what is sufficient to maintain the Equipage and Character of a Gentlemnn.——Ah poor *Bellardin*, poor *Bellardin!* [*Weeps.*

Bellardin *and* Lovebright *approach.*

Bell. I can no longer hold (*discovers himself*) Sir, I am no more the Foreign Count I pretended, but behold your ever dutiful Son *Bellardin*, prostrate at your Feet, to receive your Blessing——And now Madam I humbly ask your Ladyships Pardon for having so far impos'd upon you.

Omnes. Bellardin!

Sir *G.* O thou'rt welcome, my dear Son *Bellardin.*

Bell. But still unhappy, since I have lost *Lucinda.*

Bev. My dear Nephew, I am glad it lies in my Power to acquaint you, that *Lucinda* is only withdrawn for some time; and I question not but very quickly to see her forth-coming to your entire satisfaction.

Bell. If this be true *Lovebright*, what Mortal ever reach'd my approaching bliss?

Lov. But still I am lost without relief.

Bev. Not so Mr *Lovebright*, for I know that *Formosa* has made *Lucinda* a promise to dispose of her self to you, at the same time she gave her self to *Bellardin.*

Lov: Mr. *Bevis* may the Gods reward you for your propitious News, and indeed this agrees with what she told me in doubtful Expressions.

L. *G.* Brother *Bevis*, if the Ladies think fit to return let them be assur'd of all the Service I am capable of paying them.

Bev. Upon the Confidence of your Ladyships promise I believe it lies in my power to bring the conceal'd fair ones once more to light again, and put them out of danger of any future disturbance.——Heark you *Secreta.*

[*They whisper,* Exit Secreta.

Enter Mob hauling in Jasper.

1 *Mob.* Here, here, we've taken a *French* Spy, I am sure he's a Papish Rogue, for he has got Fireballs in his Pockets.

Jas. Begar dat be de damn'd Son of de Whore, de *Englis* Lie, for dey be de Vash [illegible]

2 *Mob.* [illegible] longs to a Count, I think he calls him, but I wartant, if the truth [illegible] belongs to the Pope, for he has got the plain make of a Cross [illegible]

Jas.

Jas. Regar dat bin more den me have in min Purse, me tell you dat. Whoo! yonders my Master's an *Englishman* again; nay then 'tis time for me to be one too, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, you Imperious scum of Kennelfilth you, [illegible] or I'll indict you all for stealing away one of His Majestys Lie[illegible]jects, Sir, Sir, don't you see what they are doing with poor *Jasper* here?

Bell. Let him [illegible] People, 'tis my Servant.

Sir G. He[illegible], here's something for you to drink King *William*'s Health withal. I'll [illegible] for [illegible].

3 Mob. Nay, so we have got Money by him, let him belong to the *Pope*, *Turk*, or *Devil* if he will, all's alike to us, God bless you all. Come away Boys, H[illegible]ah. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Secreta *introducing* Lucinda *and* Formosa.

Bev. Come, young Ladies, things seem now to be settl'd on so good a Foundation, that there's no occasion for any farther disgrising of your Inclination. And I being so well acquainted of the Fidelity of those two Gentlemen, I'll for once take upon me to play the Father, and dispose of you *Lucinda* to my Nep[illegible] *Bellardin*.

Bell. My dear Divine *Lucinda*, [illegible] of Joy keeps back my words.

Bev. And you, Madam, to Mr. [illegible]bright.

Lov. Dearest *Formosa*, what Tongue can speak my present satisfaction?

Luc. Your Person, Sir, tho in Disguise, could not be conceal'd from a Heart that had always a tender regard of you, I hope you'll pardon the method I have taken to surprise you.

Bell. 'Tis I, Madam, that am to ask Pardon for returning without your Commands, let the Impossibility I found of living from those lovely Eyes, plead my excuse.

Ped. Now, forsooth, since 'tis as 'tis, and all's well, over, I may tell you what it was I had resolv'd on, had you come home again in expectation of me, I wou'd e'en have paid you in your own Coin and have run away my self, I'll promise you that; and so have mump'd the Mumper. He, he.

Sir G. I can now say that this is the only day since I arriv'd to Manhood, that I found any thing worth valuing a Life for.

L. G. Indeed, Sir *George*, I heartily Congratulate with you in the Joy you receive, and am sorry I have have hitherto obstructed Mr. *Bellardin* in his Pretensions to *Lucinda*,----As for you Son *Pedanty*, I find you have not the good Fortune to be well serv'd in a Tutor, staying longer in a Colledge wou'd but confirm you in stupidity, I will use my endeavour to procure you some Ingenious Gentlemanlike Companion for your Director, and send you abroad that you may see the World, and read Men.

Ped. With all my Heart, dad I always had a gr[illegible] to Travel, and now egad you have nick'd me to a T. and have hit the Punctum of my [illegible]ions.

Bur. I find 'tis time for me to sneak off, lest I am told what at present I least desire to hear.

Enter Flash *and* Brasby.

Flas. Yonders the Count has cast his Whiskers and proves at last to be honest *Jack Bellardin*.

Brass. Ha *Flash*, de'see the Ladies that we have been upon the hunt for, are return'd, and fairly dispos'd of, as far as I can perceive.

Flas. Faith, all that I can say in the matter, is that we must rest satisfied, and beat about for fresh Game.

Bev. Now Mr. *Brasby* and Mr. *Flash*, I must before the whole Company own the Irregularities of my former way of living, and do heartily beg pardon for any Inconveniencies I have led you into: For the future let's avoid that excess of Debauchery, but preserve our Friendship over a moderate Bottle, and freely enjoy the innocent Pleasures of Life.

Fla. Why Faith *Brasby*, to prevent the hazard of arriving to his Age, let thee and I do that at present which dear bought Experience has engag'd *Bevis* to do----- Let us endeavour to find out two young Ladies that may not think us altogether undeserving them, and so follow the Example of these two honest Gentlemen.

Bra. I must confess *Flash* what you propose savours something of Discretion, I shall therefore most willingy Embrace your Desires.

Bell. Come now the Plot is so luckily unravell'd, let us e'en make an end of the Comedy, have a Dance, and so withdraw.

Sir G. I had prepar'd a Dance to have Entertain'd the Compa[illegible] these unlooke for Accidents befel us. Call them in. A Dance.

Luc. These Adventures may afford us pleasure in rel[illegible]

When Storms are ceas'd, and Clouds are blo[illegible]
The Sun breaks forth, and thus revives the Day.

[illegible]